The Weekly Herald.

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OUR TRIBUTE

OBSEQUIES TO ABRAHAM LINCOLN

Dr. Gurley's Sermon at the White House.

The Obsequies in the Monumental City.

The Arrival in the City of Brotherly Love.

Military Reception in the Metropolis.

THE PROCESSION TO THE CITY HALL.

THE BODY IN STATE.

Over One Hundred and Fifty Thousand Men, Women and Children View the Body.

Three Long Trains of Sadly Disappointed Mourners.

THE PROCESSION.

One of the Most Imposing Displays the World Ever Saw.

THE DEAD MARCH TO TRIUMPH.

Nearly One Hundred Thousand People in Line.

All Nationalities, All Religions, All Trades, All Classes, All Politics, All Colors Represented.

Three-Quarters of a Million of Silent Spectators.

Scenes in the Park, Scenes on Broadway, Scenes on Fifth Avenue.

THE FUNERAL CAR.

The Multitude Uncover as It Passes Along the Route.

ORATION BY GEORGE BANCROFT.

Services by the Rev. Drs. Tyng, Thompson, Boole, Osgood, Hitchcock and Rogers and the Rabbi Isaacs.

THE BENEDICTION.

THE FUNERAL TRAIN.

We continue in this week's HERALD our record of the movements of the train bearing the remains of the martyred President to their last resting place. After the close of the services at Washington on Wednesday last the body was laid in state in the Capitol until an early hour on the 20th inst., when they were removed to the train and transported to Baltimore. From thence the body was taken to Harrisburg and Philadelphia, in the latter of which cities it remained in state during Sunday last. On Monday the body arrived in New York, and on Tuesday the grand procession in the metropolis took place. We give a full description of the entire proceedings, including the funeral sermon in the White House by Dr. Gurley, the late President's minister, and the oration by Hon. George Bancroft.

THE FUNERAL ORATION.

WASHINGTON, April 20, 1865.

The following is the funeral sermon delivered yesterday by the Rev. Dr. Gurley at the White House over the body of the late President:—

As we stand here to-day, mourners around this coffin and around the lifeless remains of our beloved Chief Magistrate, we recognize and we adore the sovereignty of God. His throne is in the heavens, and His kingdom ruleth over all. He hath done and hath permitted to be done whatsoever he pleased. Clouds and darkness are round about Him; righteousness and judgment are the habitation of His throne. His way is in the sea and His path in the great waters, and His footsteps are not known. Canst thou by searching find out God? Canst thou find out the Almighty unto perfection? It is as high as heaven. What canst thou do? Deeper than hell. What canst thou know? The measure thereof is longer than the earth and broader than the sea. If he cut off and shut up, or gather together, then who can hinder him? For He knoweth vain men; He seeth wickedness. Also, will He not then consider it? We bow before His infinite majesty. We bow—we weep—we worship.

There reason fails, with all her powers;
There faith prevails, and love adores.

It was a cruel, cruel hand, that dark hand of the assassin, which smote our honored, wise and noble President, and filled the land with sorrow. But above and beyond that hand there is another, which we must see and acknowledge. It is the chastening hand of a wise and faithful father. He gives us the bitter cup; and the cup that our Father hath given us shall we not drink it? God of the just, thou gavest us the cup. We yield to thy behest, and drink it up. Whom the Lord loveth He chasteneth. Oh, how these blessed words have cheered, and strengthened and sustained us through all these long and weary years of civil strife, while our friends and brothers on so many ensanguined fields were falling and dying for the cause of liberty and union. Let them cheer and strengthen and sustain us to-day. True, this new sorrow and chastening has come in such an hour and in such a way as we thought not, and it bears the impress of a rod that is very heavy, and of mystery that is very deep. That such a life should be sacrificed at such a time, by such a foul and diabolical agency; that the man at the head of the nation, whom the people had learned to trust with a confiding and a loving confidence, and upon whom more than upon any other were centered, under God, our best hopes for the true and speedy pacification of the country, the restoration of the Union, and the return of harmony and love; that he should be taken from us, and taken just as the prospect of peace was brightly opening upon our torn and bleeding country, and just as he was beginning to be animated and gladdened with the hope of ere long enjoying with the people the blessed fruit and reward of his and their toil and care and patience, and self-sacrificing devotion to the interests of liberty and the Union—oh! it is a mysterious and a most afflicting dispensation. But it is our Father in heaven, the God of our fathers, who permits us to be so suddenly and sorely smitten, and we know that His judgments are right, and that in faithfulness He has afflicted us in the midst of our rejoicings. We needed this stroke. This dealing, this discipline and therefore He has sent it. Let us remember our affliction has not come forth of the dust, and our trouble has not sprung out of the ground. Through and beyond all second causes let us look and see the sovereign permissive agency of the first great cause. It is His prerogative to bring light out of darkness and good out of evil. Surely the wrath of man shall praise Him, and the remainder of wrath He will restrain. In the light of a clear day we may yet see that the wrath which planned and perpetrated the death of the President was overruled by Him, whose judgments are unsearchable and His ways past finding out, for the highest welfare of all those interests which are so dear to the Christian, patriot and philanthropist, and for which a loyal people have made such an unexampled sacrifice of treasure and of blood. Let us not be faithless, but believing.

Blind unbelief is prone to err,
And scan his work in vain;
God is his own interpreter,
And He will make it plain.

We will wait for His interpretation, and we will wait in faith, nothing doubting. He who has led us so well, and defended and prospered us so wonderfully during the last four years of toil, and struggle, and sorrow, will not forsake us now. He may chasten, but He will not destroy. He may purify us more and more in the furnace of trial, but He will not consume us; no, no. He has chosen us, as He did His people of old in the furnace of affliction, and He has said of us as He said of them, "This people have I formed for myself; they shall show forth my praise." Let our principal anxiety now be that this new sorrow may be a sanctified sorrow; that it may lead us to deeper repentance, to a more humbling sense of our dependence upon God, and to the more unreserved consecration of ourselves and all that we have to the cause of truth and justice, of law and order, of liberty and good government, of pure and undefiled religion. Then, though weeping may endure for a night, joy will come in the morning. Blessed be God, despite of this great, and sudden, and temporary darkness, the morning has begun to dawn—the morning of a bright and glorious day, such as our country has never seen. That day will come and not tarry, and the death of a hundred presidents and their cabinets can never, never prevent it. While we are hopeful, however, let us also be humble. The occasion calls us to prayerful and tearful humiliation. It demands of us that we lie low, very low, before Him who has stricken us for our sins. O that all our rulers and all our people may bow in the dust to-day beneath the chastening hand of God, and may their voices go up to Him as one voice, and their hearts go up to him as one heart, pleading with Him for mercy and for grace to sanctify our great and sore bereavement, and for wisdom to guide us in this our time of need. Such a united cry and pleading will not be in vain. It will enter into the ear and heart of Him who sits upon the throne, and He will say to us, as to His ancient Israel, "In a little wrath I hid my face from thee for a moment; but with everlasting kindness will I have mercy upon thee, saith the Lord, thy redeemer." I have said that the people confided in the late lamented President with a full and a loving confidence. Probably no man since the days of Washington was ever so deeply and firmly imbedded and enshrined in the very hearts of the people as Abraham Lincoln. Nor was it a mistaken confidence and love. He deserved it—deserved it well—deserved it all. He merited it by his character, by his acts and by the whole tenor and tone and spirit of his life. He was simple and sincere, plain and honest, truthful and just, benevolent and kind. His perceptions were quick and clear, his judgments were calm and accurate, and his purposes were good and pure, beyond a question. Always and everywhere he aimed and endeavored to be right and to do right. His integrity was thorough, all pervading, all controlling, and incorruptible. It was the same in every place and relation. In the consideration and the control of matters, great or small, the same firm and steady principle of power and beauty, that shed a clear and crowning lustre upon all his other excellences of mind and heart, and recommended him to his fellow citizens as the man who, in a time of unexampled peril, when the very life of the nation was at stake, should be chosen to occupy—in the country and for the country—its highest post of power and responsibility. How wisely and well, how purely and faithfully, how firmly and steadily, how justly and successfully, he did occupy that post and meet its grave demands, in circumstances of surpassing trial and difficulty, is known to you all, known to the country and the world. He comprehended from the first the perils to which treason had exposed the freest and best government on the earth, the vast interests of liberty and humanity that were to be saved or lost forever, in the urgent impending conflict. He rose to the dignity and momentousness of the occasion, saw his duty as Chief Magistrate of a great and imperilled people, and he determined to do his duty and his whole duty, seeking the guidance, and leaning upon the arm of Him of whom it is written, "He giveth power to the faint, and to them that have no might he increaseth their strength." Yea, he leaned upon His arm; he recognized and received the truth that "the kingdom is the Lord's, and He is the governor among the nations." He remembered that "God is in history," and he felt that no where had His hand and His mercy been so marvellously conspicuous as in the history of this nation. He hoped and prayed that "that same hand would continue to guide us, and that same mercy continue to abound to us in the time of our greatest need." I speak what I know, and testify what I have often heard him say, when I affirm that that guidance and mercy were the prop on which he humbly and habitually leaned; that they were the best hope he had for himself and for his country. Hence when he was leaving his home in Illinois and coming to this city to take his seat in the Executive chair of a disturbed and troubled nation he said to the old and tried friends who gathered joyfully around him and bade him farewell, "I leave you with this request—pray for me." They did pray for him. And millions of others prayed for him. Nor did they pray in vain. Their prayers were heard, and the answer appears in all his subsequent history. It shines forth with a heavenly radiance in the whole course and tenor of his administration, from its commencement to its close. God raised him up for a great and glorious mission, furnished him for his work and aided him in its accomplishment. Nor was it merely by strength of mind and honesty of heart and purity and pertinacity of purpose that he furnished him in addition to these things; he gave him a calm and abiding confidence in the overruling providence of God, and in the ultimate triumph of truth and righteousness through the power and blessing of God. This confidence strengthened him in all his hours of anxiety and toil, and inspired him with calm and cheering hope, when others were inclining to despondency and gloom. Never shall I forget the emphasis and the deep emotion with which he said in this very room to a company of clergymen and others, who called to pay him their respects in the darkest days of our civil conflict. "Gentlemen, my hope of success in this great and terrible struggle, rests on that immutable foundation the justice and goodness of God." And when events are very threatening, and prospects very dark, "I still hope that in some way which man cannot see, all will be well in the end; because our cause is just and God is on our side." Such was his sublime and holy faith, and it was an anchor to his soul, both sure and steadfast; it made him firm and strong; it emboldened him in the pathway of duty, however rugged and perilous it might be. It made him valiant for the right, for the cause of God and humanity, and it held him in steady, patient and unswerving adherence to a policy of administration which, he thought, and which we all now think, both God and humanity required him to adopt. We admired and loved him on many accounts, for strong and various reasons. We admired his childlike simplicity, freedom from guile and deceit; his staunch and sterling integrity; his kind and forgiving temper; his industry and patience; his persistent self-sacrificing devotion to all the duties of his eminent position, from the least to the greatest; his readiness to hear and consider the cause of the poor and humble, the suffering and the oppressed; his charity toward those who questioned the correctness of his opinions and the wisdom of his policy; his wonderful skill in reconciling the differences among the friends of the Union, leading them away from abstractions and inducing them to work together and harmoniously for the common weal; his true and enlarged philanthropy that knew no distinction of color or race, but regarded all men as brethren and endowed alike by their creator with certain inalienable rights amongst which are life, liberty and the pursuit of happiness; his inflexible purpose that what freedom had gained in our terrific civil strife should never be lost, and that the end of the war should be the end of slavery, and, as a consequence, of rebellion; his readiness to spend and be spent for the attainment of such a triumph—a triumph the blessed fruits of which should be as widespreading as the earth and as enduring as the sun. All these things commanded and fixed our admiration and the admiration of the world, and stamped upon his character and life the unmistakable impress of greatness. But, more sublime than any or all of these, more holy and influential, more beautiful and strong and sustaining was his abiding confidence in God and in the final triumph of truth and righteousness through Him and for His sake. This was his noblest virtue, his grandest principle, the secret alike of his strength, his patience and his success; and this, it seems to me, after being near him steadily and with him often for more than four years, is the principle by which more than by any other, he being dead, yet speaketh. Yes, by his steady enduring confidence in God, and in the complete ultimate success of the cause of God, which is the cause of humanity, more than in any other way does he now speak to us, and to the nation he loved and served so well. By this he speaks to his successor in office, and charges him to have faith in God. By this he speaks to the members of his Cabinet, the men with whom he counselled so often and was associated with so long, and he charges them to have faith in God. By this he speaks to all who occupy positions of influence and authority in these sad and troublesome times, and he charges them all to have faith in God. By this he speaks to this great people as they sit in sackcloth to-day and weep for him with a bitter wailing, and refuse to be comforted; and he charges them to have faith in God; and by this he will speak through the ages, and to all rulers and peoples in every land, and his message to them will be:—"Cling to liberty and right; battle for them; bleed for them; die for them, if need be, and have confidence in God." Oh! that the voice of this testimony may sink down into our hearts to-day and every day, and into the heart of the nation, and exert its appropriate influence upon our feelings, our faith, our patience and our devotion to the cause, now dearer to us than ever before, because consecrated by the blood of its most conspicuous defender, its wisest and most fondly trusted friend. He is dead, but the God in whom he trusted lives, and He can guide and strengthen his successor as He guided and strengthened him. He is dead, but the memory of his virtues, of his wise and patriotic counsels and labors, of his calm and steady faith in God lives, is precious, and will be a power for good in the country quite down to the end of time. He is dead; but the cause he so ardently loved, so ably, patiently, faithfully represented and defended, not for himself only, not for us only, but for all people, in all their coming generations, till time shall be no more—that cause survives his fall, and will survive it. The light of its brightening prospects flashes cheeringly to-day around the gloom occasioned by his death, and the language of God's united providences is telling us that, though the friends of liberty die, liberty itself is immortal; there is no assassin strong enough and no weapon deadly enough to quench its inextinguishable life or arrest its onward march to the conquest and empire of the world. This is our confidence and this is our consolation as we weep and mourn to-day. Though our beloved President is slain, our beloved country is saved; and so we sing of mercy as well as of judgment. Tears of gratitude mingle with those of sorrow, while there is also the dawning of a brighter, happier day upon our stricken and weary land. God be praised that our fallen chief lived long enough to see the day dawn and the day star of joy and peace arise upon the nation. He saw it and he was glad. Alas! alas! he only saw the dawn. When the sun has risen full orbed, and a glorious and a happy reunited people are rejoicing in its light, it will shine upon his grave. But that grave will be a precious and a consecrated spot. The friends of liberty and of the Union will repair to it in years and ages to come to pronounce the memory of its occupant blessed, and, gathering from his very ashes and from the rehearsal of his deeds and virtues fresh incentives to patriotism. They will then renew their vows of fidelity to their country and their God. And now I know not that I can more appropriately conclude this discourse, which is but a sincere and simple utterance of the heart, than by addressing to our departed President, with some slight modification, the language which Tacitus, in his life of Agricola, addresses to his venerated and departed father-in-law:—With you we may now congratulate. You are blessed, not only because your life was a career of glory, but because you were released, when, your country safe, it was happiness to die. We have lost a parent, and, in our distress, it is now an addition to our heartfelt sorrow that we had it not in our power to commune with you on the bed of languishing and receive your last embrace. Your dying words would have been ever dear to us. Your commands we should have treasured up and graved them on our hearts. This sad comfort we have lost, and the wound for that reason pierces deeper. From the world of spirits behold your disconsolate family and people. Exalt our minds from fond regret and unavailing grief to the contemplation of your virtues. Those we must not lament. It were impiety to sully them with a tear. To cherish their memory, to embalm them with our praises, and so far as we can to emulate your bright example, will be the truest mark of your respect, the best tribute we can offer. Your wife will thus preserve the memory of the best of husbands, and thus your children will prove their filial piety. By dwelling constantly on your words and actions they will have an illustrious character before their eyes; and, not content with the bare image of your mortal frame, they will have what is more valuable—the form and features of your mind. Busts and statues, like their originals, are frail and perishable. The soul is formed of finer elements, and its inward form is not to be expressed by the hand of an artist with unconscious matter. Our manners and our morals may in some degree trace the resemblance. All of you that gained our love and raised our admiration still subsist, and will ever subsist, preserved in the minds of men, the register of ages and the records of fame. Others, matured on the stage of life, and who were the worthies of a former day, will sink for want of a faithful historian into the common lot of oblivion, inglorious and unremembered; but you, our lamented friend and head, delineated with truth and fairly consigned to posterity, will survive yourself and triumph over the injuries of time.

THE BODY IN THE CAPITOL.

WASHINGTON, April 20, 1865.

THE GUARD OF HONOR OVER THE PRESIDENT'S REMAINS.

After the remains of Mr. Lincoln were placed upon the *catafalque* in the rotunda of the Capitol, Major General Meigs, Quartermaster General, remained until they were taken in charge by the guard of honor detailed for last night and to-day. This is composed of the following

ARMY OFFICERS.

Brig. Gen. John P. Slough.	Surgeon Hard.
Brevet Brig. Gen. William Gamble, commanding 1st separate brigade, 22d army corps, Fairfax Court House.	Capt. Wickersham, A. A. G. Capt. H. C. Lawrence, A. Q. M. Capt. Brown, A. A. G. Lieut. Gamble, A. D. C. Lieut. Pearson, A. D. C.
Capt. R. C. Gale, A. A. G.	Lieut. More, A. D. C.
Surgeon F. W. Mead.	

NAVAL OFFICERS.

Lieut. Com'g Edward E. Stone, Monitor Montauk.	Lieut. N. H. Farquhar. Lieut. A. R. McNair.
Lieut. Com'g A. Ward Weaver, Monitor Mahopac.	Lieut. B. F. Day. Lieut. E. M. Shepard.

A detachment of the Twenty-fourth regiment Veteran Reserves is doing general guard duty at the entrances of the rotunda and at the gates of the Capitol.

THE CATAFALQUE

is better arranged to afford a view of the features of the honored dead than the one at the White House. The features are little changed, and by many are said to look more natural to-day than on Tuesday, when they lay in state at the White House.

The rotunda, which was lighted only by a sort of twilight hue, was filled with solemn stillness, unbroken save by the rustling of the dresses of the female mourners, and occasionally a deep sigh from some of those passing the coffin.

WASHINGTON, April 21, 1865.

At six o'clock P. M. yesterday the doors of the Capitol were closed to visitors, and Generals Slough and Gamble, with their staffs, who had been on duty during the day as a guard of honor over the remains, were relieved by Brigadier General James A. Hall and staff, Captain Edwin H. Nevin, Jr., Lieutenant Terrence Riley, and Brigadier General J. A. Ekin and staff, Major D. C. Welch and Captain Charles Powers. A detail of two hundred men from the Twelfth regiment Veteran Reserve corps was made for guard and escort duty to the depot, under the command of Lieutenant Colonel J. H. Bell and Captains James Craine, R. R. Bush, R. Dillon and H. Heidelbrandt.

ASSEMBLING OF THE PALL BEARERS.

At about six o'clock this morning the members of the Cabinet and other distinguished individuals who had been invited to be present, or who acted as pall bearers, &c., assembled in the rotunda, and the Rev. Dr. Gurley offered a brief but impressive prayer, which was the only ceremony at the Capitol.

REMOVAL OF THE REMAINS TO THE TRAIN.

At the conclusion of the prayer, at twenty minutes before seven o'clock, the coffin was taken from the *catafalque* by twelve orderly sergeants, and placed in the hearse, which was in waiting to receive it in front of the Capitol. The procession was then formed, and escorted the remains to the depot of the Baltimore and Ohio Railroad Company, on New Jersey avenue, where the funeral train had been prepared for their reception and that of the party which had been invited to accompany them to their final resting place.

AT THE TRAIN.

The coffin was carried into the depot, followed by the distinguished gentlemen, civil and military, before mentioned, and deposited in the car which had been prepared for its reception. At the door of this car the Rev. Dr. Gurley again briefly addressed the God of the living and the dead in a solemn and appropriate prayer. Ten minutes before eight o'clock a pilot engine, No. 239, was started to see that the track was clear, and at precisely eight o'clock the funeral train started; and, as far as the capital is concerned, the last honors had been paid and the sad rites were concluded. The military escort remained in line in front of the depot until the train started, and as it commenced to move presented arms, as a last token of respect. As the train moved off by the Soldiers' Rest, which is immediately in the rear of the depot, the Eighth regiment United States colored artillery, who were just through their breakfast, were drawn up in line and presented arms until it had passed. This is the colored regiment which so bravely defended Paducah, Ky., against the attacks of Forrest's marauders in 1864, and finally forced him to raise the siege of the place.

ALONG THE ROUTE.

The train left Washington, according to the programme, early on the morning of the 21st inst., and arrived at Baltimore, where the body remained in State until three P. M. of the same day, when the train started for Harrisburg. Here it was halted, and the body laid in State at the State House until eleven A. M. of the 22d. Thousands of mourners witnessed its departure at noon, while two hundred thousand received it at Philadelphia at four o'clock of the same day. The body remained over Sunday at Philadelphia, lying in Independence Hall. At four o'clock A. M. of Monday, the 24th inst., it was removed to the train, and started for the metropolis.

ARRIVAL IN THE METROPOLIS.

New York's sad part in the last solemn honors to the illustrious dead began on Monday, and the metropolis presented such a scene as it never exhibited before since its foundation. Sadness, mourning and silence, deep and solemn, prevailed everywhere, but particularly down town around the City Hall, where the remains of the first murdered President of the republic were laid out in state, receiving the last touching tribute of respect from a sorrowful people. The entire community observed the occasion in a proper manner. Business was laid aside, flags floated at half-mast from every building, badges of mourning appeared on the breast of nearly every male and female in the streets, and crowds were to be seen in every direction wending their way down town to view the corpse of the lamented statesman, patriot and President.

The Reception at Jersey City.

Before the remains touched the shores of the Empire State a foretaste of the reception which New York was about to give them was afforded at Jersey City. Tenderly and lovingly the body of the great President who has left us to seek his chamber "in the silent halls of death" were welcomed. No deeper reverence, no more profound respect was ever paid to the living or the dead of mortal man. He was received—

"As an honored guest—
With banner and with music, with soldier and with priest,
With a nation weeping and breaking on our rest."

From every part of the State the citizens gathered together to do honor to his corpse. Bareheaded and sorrowful they stood, till all that was left of their trusted President had passed out of sight, and then turned slowly and mournfully away.

THE RAILWAY DEPOT.

In the balconies running round the interior of the Camden and Amboy Railway depot the spectators began to assemble some hours before the arrival of the funeral train. They were admitted by ticket, without crowding or confusion, and in this, as in all the other arrangements at the depot, admirable forethought and management were shown by Mr. Woodruff. Very many of those present were ladies, and the total number of spectators was very large. The depot was draped in the mourning garb assumed on the first news being received of the national loss. The balconies were hung with mourning, arranged in diagonal patterns of black and white.

The exterior of the depot was also draped, and the clock was stopped at twenty-two minutes past seven, the hour at which the President died. At the western end of the depot, close to the entrance through which it was arranged the funeral *cortége* should pass, one of the tracks was boarded over from platform to platform, so as to give abundant room for the removal of the body out of the funeral car. Detachments of the Second and Sixth regiments, two hundred strong altogether, under the command of Captain Livingstone and Brevet Major McLaughlin, were placed on guard on the tracks on each side of the platform along which the procession passed.

For two long hours the crowd inside and outside the depot remained mute and almost motionless, waiting the arrival of the train.

THE NEW JERSEY DELEGATIONS.

Soon after nine o'clock a diversion occurred which served to relieve the monotonous stillness of the waiting crowd. One of the gates of the western entrance was thrown open and the New Jersey delegations and singing societies entered with an almost noiseless rush. There were delegations from Jersey City, Hoboken, Hudson City, Bergen township and Greenville. Though none but those occupying official positions were admitted, these official personages made a united delegation over five hundred strong, and when ranged on the south side of the building occupied nearly the entire length of the platform. The singing societies were composed of the four German singing clubs of Hoboken, and numbered sixty-five voices. They were marshalled at the east end of the platform, in front of the Jersey delegations, and were led by Mr. F. A. Stonge.

THE ARRIVAL.

As the clock was on the stroke of ten the sound of a minute gun startled the crowd into earnest attention, and a few seconds afterwards the pilot engine came in sight. Then every head was uncovered, and the funeral train slowly backed into the depot. The first cars to present themselves to view were the ordinary yellow painted passenger cars of the Camden and Amboy line. When seven cars had passed the funeral carriage came in sight, and after it followed another state car, painted crimson. It constituted a sad commentary on the instability of human greatness, that the car which now contained the mortal relics of Abraham Lincoln was built expressly for him under the direction of General McCallum. It was intended for his use during life, and the first purpose to which it is applied is to bear his dead body on its road to the tomb.

THE RECEPTION.

General Dix, the guard of honor and the Congressional delegation, alighted from the cars. Mr. Lepois, General Sandford and other officials stepped forward, and the body was removed from the car by four sergeants of the Reserve corps specially detailed for this duty. As the richly decorated coffin, with its silver ornaments, was exposed to view, the choral societies began to chant the solemn and appropriate dirge known as [illegible]. A body guard of twenty-five sergeants and veterans of the Reserve corps, under the command of Captain Campbell, surrounded the corpse.

THE PROCESSION.

Before the last sad notes of the funeral dirge were ended the coffin was raised on the shoulders of the stalwart veterans, and the order of procession was formed. First walked General Dix and General Sandford; next four undertakers, and Colonel McMahon and Captain Lord, of General Dix's staff. Then came the corpse, flanked by the remainder of the body guard, with drawn swords, and followed, in irregular order, by Generals Thompson, Assistant Adjutant General, representing the Secretary of War; General Eaton, Commissary General of Subsistence; General McCallum, Superintendent of Military Roads; Generals Barnard, Hunter, Howe, Ramsay, Caldwell and Townsend; Admirals Bell and Davis; Senators Anthony, Cowen, Ramsay and Williams; Congressmen, preceded by their Sergeant-at-Arms; Captain Taylor, United States Navy; Major Fields, United States Marine Corps; Lieutenant John White; the remainder of the Washington guard of honor and delegation; Hon. Chauncey M. Depew, Secretary of State of New York; the Mayor and Common Council of Jersey City, the delegations from Hoboken, Hudson City, Bergen and Greenville, and other officials and mourners. Moving down the north platform, at which the train was drawn up, towards the eastern end of the building, the procession wound round and moved up the next platform, and so out at the western entrance of the depot, the choral societies meanwhile singing the *chorale*, "Rest in the Grave."

IN THE STREETS OF JERSEY

every housetop, every balcony, every window overlooking the road taken by the procession, from the depot to the ferry, was crowded with spectators. Slowly and silently the corpse was borne through the crowded streets, the sunshine glistening and sparkling among the silver ornaments of the coffin, and amidst the solemn booming of minute guns and the tinkling of distant bells was borne down to the ferry to the boat awaiting it.

The Remains Approaching the Ferry-boat.

At ten o'clock precisely the funeral train arrived, and ten minutes later the mournful procession wended its way through the gate leading on board the boat. All uncovered as the *cortége* proceeded slowly through the entrance. Not a sound was heard other than the booming of the minute guns, which reverberated far and near, indicating the sad ceremony which was then in progress. This gun was placed on the dock next to where the Jersey City lay.

When the procession, headed by Major Generals Dix and Sandford, entered the boat, there were none on board but the Mayor and members of the Board of Aldermen and Board of Councilmen.

THE REMAINS ON BOARD THE BOAT.

When the hearse entered the ferryboat it was driven to the right hand side, fronting New York city. The military and civic escort followed. All on board remained perfectly still. Those who did converse gave utterance to their sentiments in whispers, while a solemn gloom hung like a pall over the entire assemblage.

The ferryboat was about half filled, and around the hearse, in which reposed the remains of the dead President, the crowd on board congregated. They were kept back by the guard of twenty-five sergeants of the Veteran Reserve corps (under command of Capt. Campbell), who accompanied the remains from Washington. Strict watch was kept over the hearse by these soldiers, and none were allowed to approach nearer than a few feet.

THE PARTY ON BOARD.

In addition to the military gentlemen, the New York Common Council and different delegations which came with the remains, on board were representatives from the corporate bodies of Hudson, Hoboken, Bergen and other portions of New Jersey. The German singing societies of Hoboken, who had chanted a funeral dirge on the arrival of the train at Jersey City, were also of the party. Chauncey M. Depew, Secretary of State, together with Police Commissioner Acton and Superintendent Kennedy, were present, together with a number of other prominent men of New York. Quite a distinguished collection of civic and military authorities were thus represented on the deck of the Jersey City.

About ten minutes to eleven o'clock the boat neared the foot of Desbrosses street, where preparations had been made to land.

The boat being moored fast to the dock, General Dix requested that no person should attempt to land without his orders, in order to save any confusion which might ensue. All arrangements being completed, Generals Dix and Sandford left the boat, when the hearse, together with those composing the procession, followed.

The Arrival at Desbrosses Street.

The scene at the foot of Desbrosses street was most imposing, and could not fail to make a lasting impression upon the thousands who were congregated on the housetops and awnings for several blocks on each side of the ferry. The people commenced to collect at an early hour, and, long before the police arrived every available spot was occupied along Desbrosses street, from West to Hudson streets. The window sashes of all the houses were removed in order that the occupants might have an unobstructed view of the procession, and, as far as the eye could see there was a dense mass of heads protruding from every window in the street. The fronts of the houses were tastefully draped with mourning, and the national ensign was displayed at half-mast from almost every housetop.

The Seventh regiment, National Guard, Colonel Emmons Clark, which had been selected as the escort, arrived on the ground about half past nine o'clock. The street, from its commencement at the ferry to its junction with Hudson street, was promptly cleared, and the space kept open until the arrival of the funeral party. Inspector Carpenter was also on hand with three hundred policemen, and formed a double line from the ferry gate up to Hudson street, which served as an additional check to the constantly increasing crowd.

Colonel Clark conferred with General Dix immediately upon the arrival of the boat, and arranged the order of the procession; and, on his return, formed his regiment into a hollow square, in the centre of which it was intended the funeral *cortége* should march. Everything being in readiness the procession started from the boat in the following order:—

Police.
General Dix, General Sandford, Alderman Ryers, and other Military Officers and Civilians.
Band.
Seventh Regiment.
Sergeants of the Invalid Corps.

Seventh Regiment.	THE HEARSE	Seventh Regiment.

Sergeants of the Invalid Corps.
Seventh Regiment.

The following is an official list of the escort accompanying the remains from Washington, and forming part of the procession:—

RELATIVES AND FAMILY FRIENDS.

Judge David Davis, Judge of the United States Supreme Court; N. W. Edwards, General J. B. S. Todd, Charles Alexander Smith.

GUARD OF HONOR.

Brigadier General E. D. Townsend.
Brigadier General Charles Thomas.
Brigadier General A. B. Eaton.
Brevet Major General J. G. Barnard.
Brigadier General G. D. Ramsey.
Brigadier General A. P. Howe.
Brigadier General D. C. McCallum.
Major General David Hunter.
Brigadier General J. C. Caldwell.
Rear Admiral C. H. Davis, United States Navy.
Capt. Wm. R. Taylor, United States Navy.
Major T. H. Field, United States Marine corps.

OFFICERS ON DUTY.

Captain Charles Penrose, Quartermaster and Commissary of Subsistence for the entire party.
Dr. Charles B. Brown, Embalmer.
Frank T. Sands, Undertaker.

[illegible]

Mr. Pike, Me.	Mr. Arnold, Ill.
Mr. Rollins, N. H.	Mr. Shannon, Cal.
Mr. Baxter, Vt.	Mr. Williams, Oregon.
Mr. Hooper, Mass.	Mr. Clarke, Kansas.
Mr. Dixon, Conn.	Mr. Whaley, West Va.
Mr. Anthony, R. I.	Mr. Nye, Nevada.
Mr. Davis, N. Y.	Mr. Hitchcock, Nebraska.
Mr. Cowan, Pa.	Mr. Bradford, Colorado.
Mr. Schenck, Ohio.	Mr. Wallace, Idaho.
Mr. Smith, Ky.	Mr. Newell, N. J.
Mr. Julian, Ind.	Mr. Phelps, Md.
Mr. Ramsey, Minn.	Geo. T. Brown, Sergeant at Arms of the Senate.
Mr. T. W. Ferry, Mich.	N. G. Ordway, Sergeant at Arms of the House of Representatives.
Mr. Harlan, Iowa.	
Mr. Yates, Ill.	
Mr. Washburne, Ill.	
Mr. Farnsworth, Ill.	

ILLINOIS DELEGATION.

Gov. Richard J. Oglesby.	Hon. Thomas A. [illegible]
General Isham N. Haynie, Adjutant General Illinois.	Hon. John Wentworth. Hon. S. S. Hayes.
Col. Jas. H. Bowen, A. D. C.	Colonel R. M. Hough.
Col. M. H. Hanna, A. D. C.	Hon. S. W. Fuller.
Col. D. B. James, A. D. C.	Captain J. B. Turner.
Major S. Waite, A. D. C.	Hon. J. [illegible]
Col. D. L. Phillips, United States Marshall of the Southern District of Illinois, A. D. C.	Hon. C. L. Woodman. Hon. G. W. Gage. G. H. Roberts, Esq. J. Comisky, Esq.
Hon. Jesse K. Dubois.	Hon. L. Talcott.
Hon. J. T. Stuart.	Hon. J. S. Fredenburg.
Colonel John Williams.	Hon. Thomas J. [illegible]
Dr. S. H. Melvin.	Lieut. Gov. William Bross.
Hon. S. M. Cullom.	Hon. Francis C. Sherman, Mayor of Chicago.
Gen. John A. McClernand.	
Hon. Lyman Trumbull.	

GOVERNORS OF STATES.

Governor Morton, of Indiana; Governor Brough, of Ohio; Governor Stone, of Iowa, together with their aides.

THE HEARSE.

The hearse was a very neat affair; the sides and back were of plate glass, and on the top were eight large plumes of black and white feathers. Around the edge of the roof and the lower portion of the body of the hearse were American flags folded, draped in mourning, gracefully festooned, and fastened with knots of white and black ribbons. It was drawn by six gray horses covered with black cloth, each led by a groom dressed in mourning.

The Scene in Canal Street.

The scene which occurred in Canal street on Monday will not soon be forgotten by the uncounted thousands who beheld it. Never in the history of this broad avenue of traffic and business did it present so memorable, so mournful, so honorable a display. The street was heavily draped in mourning throughout. Urns and other emblems of sorrow, in white and black cloth, and mottoes showing the grief of the people for the death of their beloved Chief Magistrate, were to be seen displayed from nearly every house, in the mournful shades of white and black. The stores were all closed and business suspended everywhere. The street had a sepulchral aspect. As early as nine o'clock the people lined the sidewalks from Broadway to Hudson street, leaving the broad carriage way clear. These lines of populace on both sides of the street gradually thickened and became more condensed and solidified till the time the funeral *cortége* approached, when they were one solid phalanx from houses and stores to curbstone. Passage along the sidewalks was at this time an impossibility, and people had to choose between walking along the broad, rough carriage way and remaining almost stationary. There was a strange and creditable order and silence pervading this immense and continuous mass of people, which extended from the great spinal column of the city (Broadway) down Canal street to one of its principal arteries, Hudson street. The attire of the people, too, was peculiar. Many ladies were dressed in full mourning. Nearly all the rest wore emblems of woe. Few men in those living columns of the people who did not wear badges of lamentation. Besides the sidewalks, the windows, housetops, awnings and doors were thronged. Still there was no crowding, no noise, little conversation. The approach of the *cortége* was a little behind time. Still there was no impatience, no murmurs—the steady mutterings and suppressed sentiments of the immense throng keeping up a constant and regular sound like the roll of a thousand muffled drums at a mile's distance. The colored population, who are largely represented in the people on the streets, show the only symptoms yet visible of impatience, and the most remarkable determination to be sorrowful. Many of their eyes are moistened in tears, and sobbing is occasionally heard. At last the solemn roll of the muffled drums reach the ear, indistinctly at first; then they grow louder and louder. The quiet mutterings of the people give way to a feverish universal agitation and expectancy. All eyes are turned to where the head of the procession is expected to appear. The notes of the muffled drums suddenly become much louder, the wailing cry of the fife much more distinct and piercing. The procession has reached the corner of Canal and Hudson streets. Then the black caps of the platoon of police preceding the military appears. The agitation of the people along that whole line becomes expressively and impressively solemn. The head of the military escort now appears. There are no nodding plumes, no gay or fantastic decorations. The regiment is attired in the dark gray uniform in which it responded to the first call of that great man, to whose remains it now does honor in their return to the quiet home in the far off West, whence he came at the people's call to deliver the land, and maintain its integrity, honor and unity. The music of the fife ceases, and the full and splendid band vary the mournful strains by taking them up in full and solemn chorus. The escort marches by platoons, which reaches from one curbstone to the other across the whole broad thoroughfare. Slowly and with steady step do they keep time to the wailing dirges of the band. They march with trailed arms, draped standards, draped uniforms and sidearms. Platoon after platoon of military have marched past. The band has got so far in advance that its sounds are indistinct and [illegible] away. The funeral car makes its appearance. People pay no attention to the officials, dignitaries, police, military, before and behind it. They have no further interest in them—they only want to see the casket in which are enclosed the precious remains of him whom they delight to honor. As the remains approach all heads are uncovered. Every one looks on in gloom and silence. The most creditable order prevails, and the people in many instances are obliged to place handkerchiefs repeatedly to their eyes. And thus through these two dykes of the people, do the remains of the great and lamented Abraham Lincoln pass through the city of New York, on the way to their last resting place. No one could behold the scene, in all its impressive solemnity, earnestness and sincerity, without feeling satisfied that the funeral *cortége* of Abraham Lincoln was a triumphal procession greater, grander, more genuine than any living conqueror or hero ever enjoyed. The escort marched in files on each flank of the funeral car, and in platoons on the front and rear. Then came the rest of the procession according to the arrangement in the programme. After them came the people by thousands, in solemn and orderly demeanor, from Desbrosses and Hudson streets in a vast throng, following in the rear and reaching from curb to curb on Canal street. This column increased as it went, and, with uncovered heads and sad and steadily persistent steps, followed the remains of the lamented Chief Magistrate to Broadway, and in many cases to the City Hall.

Canal street soon after resumed its wonted aspect, except that the stores were closed and the buildings draped in mourning. These were the only traces of the most memorable scene that this old thoroughfare has ever beheld, take it all in all.

The Scene in Broadway.

For more than an hour before the funeral *cortége* reached Broadway that great thoroughfare, from Canal street to the Park, presented a scene seldom, if ever, witnessed in this great metropolis. Both sides of the street were completely blocked up with a constantly increasing tide of human beings pouring in from all the side streets, and it required the utmost vigilance of the police to keep the passage clear for the procession, which was expected every moment. The police force of the Twenty-sixth precinct, under command of Sergeant Ward, had charge of the west side of Broadway, from Canal to Chambers street; and the east side of Broadway, from Canal street to the west gate of the Park, was under the charge of Captain Jourdan and the police of the Sixth precinct. The effective manner in which they performed their arduous duties reflects high credit on the discipline and efficiency of the department.

At eleven o'clock the sound of martial music and the solemn tap of the muffled drum announced the arrival of the procession, in the same order as it had formed on arriving at the depot. The police, who headed the procession, made a most creditable appearance, and their marching was equal to any military organization in the [illegible]. While the procession was filing into Broadway a deathlike silence pervaded the whole line. Not a voice was to be heard, and a feeling of sadness seldom witnessed seemed to take possession of all. No word of levity could be heard among the spectators, who gradually took up their line of march in the rear of the procession, which slowly and sadly proceeded down Broadway to the east gate of the Park, where an immense concourse of citizens had assembled to witness the imposing spectacle. All along the line of march the windows and balconies were filled with spectators.

Scenes Around the City Hall.

Hours before the arrival of the body the crowd began to gather in the City Hall Park, along Broadway and Chatham street, and in and on the buildings overlooking the place in front of the City Hall, where the ceremony of receiving the body was to be witnessed. The police, by strenuous exertions, kept the streets cleared, but the sidewalks and the Park were filled with men, women and children, while the trees in the Park fairly blossomed with adventurous urchins. Along the line formed by the police guard in front of the Hall, and the fences of the park in Chatham street and Broadway, the crowd remained quiet, patiently awaiting the appearance of the hearse; but in the interior of the triangle of human beings thus formed the crowd swayed restlessly from side to side, but without the noise which usually accompanies such confusion. During the entire ceremony the people were orderly and quiet, each individual, however noisy and

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larly on other occasions, appeared to be impressed with the solemnity of this.

The procession guarding the body filed into the Park a few minutes after half-past eleven o'clock, and the hearse, guarded by two companies of the Eighth regiment, New York State National Guard, stopped before the door of the Hall. The coffin was immediately taken from the hearse, and carried on the shoulders of eight stalwart soldiers up the stairs to the *catafalque* prepared for its reception in the Governor's Room, amid a solemn dirge, played by the Liederkranz band. Immediately following the hearse and troops guarding and citizens specially accompanying the remains came a long line of citizens, anxious to view the body. These were halted at the entrance to the Hall, and required to wait until the appointed hour at which the body was to be placed in state. Details from the Eighth regiment were placed as guards around the building, and were soon solemnly pacing their beats with all the form and ceremony of veterans.

While these preparations were being made the several German singing clubs, under the direction of Mr. Paner, of the Liederkranz Society, and numbering nearly a thousand voices, chanted dirges.

THE REMAINS AT CITY HALL.

The remains were received at the main entrance of the City Hall by the members of the Common Council. Slowly and steadily the coffin which held all that remained of our late President was borne up the steps leading to the *catafalque*. Each head was bowed in silent grief as the melancholy task was being performed. A large number of officers, among whom were Generals Eaton, Townsend, McCallum, Hunter, Barnard, Howe, Caldwell, Ramsay and Admiral Davis, composing the Washington escort, with Generals Dix, Sandford, Burnside, Colonel McMahon and a number of ladies were present in the Governor's Room, outside which the *catafalque* was placed.

THE FIRST GLIMPSE OF THE BODY.

The lid of the coffin having been removed, those in the Governor's Room evinced an anxiety to look upon the "loved lineaments" mingled with a feeling of reverential awe. Every one seemed to realize the solemn fact that they were in the presence of death—death in its majesty. The dread reality of the events of the past week did not come home to them with full power till now. Tears coursed one another down the bronzed cheeks of the war worn veteran as well as the tender woman. In such a moment it was but natural the few present should wish to see the face of him who was loved by all, and a line was formed for that purpose. A few succeeded in obtaining a passing glance at the body; but, as it required some slight arrangements to be made before it would be free to public gaze, the greater part of those present were disappointed. It is to be regretted that the solemnity of the scene should have been marred by the gross and almost sacrilegious rudeness of one of the attendants, who, "clothed in a little brief authority," could not even at such a time restrain the natural disagreeable gruffness of his nature.

THE BODY IN STATE.

The Drapery in the Rotunda.

No ordinary conception of pompous solemnity, based on the outer aspect of the City Hall, could furnish an idea of its interior decoration. The craped pillars and the black robes of the angular portico were but faint signs of the grander and more beautiful scene within. Standing under the dome of the rotunda, darkened by memorial cerements and the drooping colors of the nation, it needed but a moment's observation to feel that it had been surrendered to the presence of death, and that the dust of a great man had obtained a mausoleum within its walls. But there were other tokens that the capitol of the city had been transformed into a gorgeous tomb, before which a million of mourners would fain pass and bow in reverence to the dead. The great hall of the municipal authorities and the chambers by which it is intersected sent out no sounds of business or debate. All was silent; not even a whisper was heard; and when the multitude marched in single file before the honored corpse their steps were light and their demeanor thoughtful and reverential. This exhibition of respect and sorrow was in pleasing harmony with those mute emblems of death and the republic by which it was surrounded. A brief description will convey but a moderate idea of their extent and beauty.

There was no trace of the interior architecture to be seen on the rotunda. Niche and dome, balustrade and panelling were all veiled. From the dome to the base there was a wall of crape, relieved by shrouded ensigns and semi-circular folds of paramatta. All these were arched by festoons, which fell gracefully over the combined display of flags and mourning—the symbols of the life of the republic and the death of its ruler. In the distribution of the funeral drapery a happy mean between an ostentatious and sombre display was preserved. The light, too, which fell upon the scene of death was modified. Across the oriels of the dome a black curtain was drawn—and the rays thus conducted fell, subdued, like all below—on the sad and imposing spectacle. There was everything to impress and but little to cheer in the scene. It was impossible to refrain from reflection on the bloody event which must startle Christendom, and invest every civilized nation with aspirations to become an avenger of the atrocious deed. The distinguished victim, deposited for a day in the governmental palace, where he held a social and happy levee four years since, revived the circumstances of his assassination, and his presence, appealing mutely from his coffin, clothed them with new and more startling horrors.

THE CATAFALQUE.

This beautiful shrine of the dead, beneath which the dust of the President slept, graced the principal entrance to the Governor's Room. It was a worthy lodgment for the remains; and the city and the memory of the great dead were alike honored by it. A portion of the wide space opposite the central door was the scene of the structure, which combined the features of a lofty canopy and a sable *catafalque*. Its form was square, but it was surmounted by a towering gothic arch, from which graceful folds of crape, ornamented by festoons of silver lace and cords and tassels, fell artistically over the curtained pillars which gave form and beauty to the structure. The arch seemed lost in the dark labyrinths from which it rose. A spread eagle was perched above it. Like the "Bird of Jove," who was said to fly to the gods with the soul of the illustrious dead when the cord which bound him to the burning ashes was freed, it was bent lowly over the corpse—as a signal of its duty; but the wings were folded and the head lowered. Beneath this aërial guardian was a bust of the dead President in sable drapery. Then came a ubiquitous display of black velvet, studded with beautiful silver stars in filagree lace, which reflected light over the suits of wo and gloom of which they were the national ornaments. Then, following the ancient rites of sepulture, appeared on either side a pair of Roman urns, which were located, like those of old, near the distinguished dust of which they were the guardians. The whole of the exterior was not only imposing and appropriate, but suggested reflection, and called to remembrance the obsequies of great men in other centuries.

The interior of the canopy was in graceful harmony with the outside. The frontal arch, as it met the black ceiling of the *catafalque*, was relieved by a lining of white silk which skirted it. The walls were hung with solemn black, and the light of the great windows of the Governor's Room and that of the dome struggled vainly to illuminate it. There was nothing to vary the dark monotony of black cloth but the welcome trimming of silver lace, which gave limit to the gloomy aspect and grace to the display. The ceiling was formed of fluted folds of velvet, fretted with handsome silver stars. Beneath the canopy, near the honored dead, were busts of Washington, Jackson, Webster and Clay—all resting on high pedestals. The vicinity of the *catafalque* was also the scene of elaborate and artistic mourning.

THE GOVERNOR'S ROOM.

All the furniture, the statues and the portraits of the Governor's Room were in character with the sad scenes around them. "Washington's writing desk," the portraits of presidents, governors, and men distinguished in the State and city governments, were covered with crape. The statue of Washington, near which Mr. Lincoln received his friends four years since, was elaborately draped, and the chandeliers were covered with black cloth.

PHOTOGRAPHS OF THE DEAD.

Immediately after the body was enshrined a large camera was erected on the upper balcony of the rotunda, and photographs of the *catafalque* and the dead were subsequently taken.

Viewing the Remains.

There was some little delay occasioned by this taking of the photographs, when General Dix announced to the ladies and gentlemen who were permitted to remain in the Governor's Room after the remains of the illustrious departed had been deposited in the vestibule that they would have the privilege of looking upon the face of the distinguished dead without leaving the room. This privilege was eagerly improved, and Major Generals Burnside and Sandford conducted some ladies to the coffin, all of whom took a lingering look at the lamented and honored Lincoln. General Hunter and Colonel O'Beirne then took their positions respectively by the side of the coffin, and shortly after the entrance below was opened and the expectant crowd were admitted into the Hall. The solemn procession commenced at one o'clock, and, considering the difficulty experienced by all—especially the aged and infirm—to ascend the steps, they passed so rapidly as to preclude the possibility of making any observations or any great demonstrations of grief.

Occasionally a woman would burst into tears as she passed the coffin, and we observed a female dwarf weep bitterly. It was a noticeable fact that nearly every volunteer soldier who looked upon the face of their late Commander-in-Chief wept, suggesting to the mind the Scriptural expression, "Behold how he loved him."

Later in the afternoon a female expressed a strong desire to imprint a kiss upon the placid brow of the martyr; but General Hunter refused, and the individual reluctantly passed on. And here we would pay a merited tribute to the efficiency, energy and affability of the policemen who were detailed in front of the coffin, whose urgent and subdued appeals to the crowd to "pass right along" expedited the passage of the multitude. Their department contrasted widely with the officious and boorish individual, one of the aids of the Common Council Committee, to whom we alluded above.

Quite a number of aged colored women and children were in the assemblage; and if the countenance is an index of the inner feelings of the heart the expression on their faces indicated their deep grief that the lips of him at whose behest the fetters dropped from millions of their race would never utter words of sympathy and encouragement again.

The character of the crowd passing from four to five o'clock partook more of the upper grades of society than any that had passed before—merchants with their wives and daughters, down town clerks and their families, forming the major portion of the throng that pressed up to view the remains. The line passing at the rear of the *catafalque* also became thicker, and at least eighty persons a minute were passed along.

Mrs. J. W. Peters presented General Anderson with a bouquet composed of miniature sea shells. She desired that this might be placed on the coffin and conveyed with the corpse to its last resting place.

THE VETERANS OF 1813.

About half-past four one of the most affecting incidents of the day took place. The veterans of 1812 in a body entered the *catafalque* and passed round to view the corpse. The old men of war, all heroes of ancient days, bowed to the man of peace, the hero of modern days. Hand in hand, blind, lame and decrepit, they came, sobbing, weeping and praying. They bowed their hoary heads to the revered dust, and with streaming eyes and uplifted hands asked God's mercy for the repose of the soul of Abraham Lincoln.

About five o'clock the character of the crowd changed considerably. It was now mostly composed of working girls, who, judging from their exhausted appearance, must have started on the line about the time they went to work, and had had no chance to get away, in or out. Some of them had torn shawls, and hoods wrested from their heads, and presented a decidedly haggard appearance.

It being now six o'clock the gentlemen assigned to the fourth watch of the guard of honor entered the *catafalque*. They were composed of Rear Admiral S. L. Breese, United States Navy; Brevet Colonel H. D. Wallen, United States Army; Lieutenant Colonel Gov. Carr, One Hundred and Sixty-fifth New York Volunteers, and Paymaster Benjamin J. Cohono, United States Navy.

THE CROWDS IN THE PARK.

The strong military guard formed around the great square enclosed in chains was sufficient to keep out all intruders. The soldiers who were there on duty entered into the business of the hour not only with zeal but with true military discipline.

The entrance to the City Hall was crowded in such a way as we never saw it crowded before. To give any idea of the thousands, or anything like the numerous thousands that were present, would be simply impossible. To describe the scenes it would be best to say that they were all mournful and touching in the extreme. The people entered into the spirit of the national grief with a complete unanimity. It is a long time, if ever, since such a spectacle has been witnessed in this or any other city.

The Outside Procession of Mourners.

Scarcely had the interest to view the mournful *cortege*, as it wound its slow length within the railings of the Park, abated with the consignment of the honored remains to the care of the municipal authorities specially appointed for the reception, than a line began to be formed of those who desired to be among the first to look their last upon the mortal dead. It was, indeed, a mournful procession. Thousands formed that long line, which, like a river receiving many contributions nearing its debouchement, gradually lessened, till away up in the Bowery, three-quarters of a mile off, it narrowed as it were at its source, still, however, receiving fresh supplies as an onward movement to the front gave a chance of nearing the object all so desired to look upon. From distant points throughout the State, remote from the line of travel which brings him to his last bourn in Illinois, thousands of people have flocked to the city in the hope of gaining a view of his bier. From Brooklyn, Jersey City, Williamsburg and neighboring localities, there was throughout the day a constant stream of people crossing in the ferryboats, many of whom joining in the line remained for several hours, till at last they reached the goal of their desires. The good temper, discipline and the sympathies of the police in the feelings that called forth such numbers of people, with whom they had to come in somewhat forcible contact, was never displayed to better effect than yesterday. The eastern gate in Park row was selected as the general entrance, the small gate on the western side of the Park, close to Supervisor Blunt's temporary recruiting quarters, being the entrance for those who had received special tickets. Down as far as Pearl street the line was double, or rather quadruple, that is, a double file of men, and on their right a double file of females, all anxious and all looking determined to go through with it.

NIGHT AT THE CITY HALL.

The rotunda of the City Hall presented a strange spectacle on Monday night. The heavy draping of the sides and dome caused the light from the chandelier to assume a sickly glare as it was reflected from the silver ornamentations of the coffin and *catafalque* on the faces of the crowd, who with eager stillness passed by the remains of him who all unconscious lay upon the silken bier. The arrangements for the passage of the crowd were admirable, and a strong feeling of courtesy was mingled with the necessary adherence to duty of the various officials.

Passing, as they did, at the rate of eighty per minute, there was little time for them to make any observations, and so a solemn silence prevailed. It was so arranged that the friends of the members of the Common Council should pass the body on the side next the Governor's Room, and so a stream of people passed on each side of the coffin. From the fact of the number obtaining a private *entrée* fully equalling those who passed through the ordinary way, we must certainly congratulate that honorable body on the extent of their acquaintance.

INTERESTING INCIDENTS.

During the progress of the crowd one lady, eluding the vigilant eyes of the officers, succeeded in imprinting a kiss on the cold brow of the corpse. No doubt her feelings were wrought up to a high pitch, for, on doing so, she burst into tears. Flowers covered the entire coffin. One lady, in passing it, threw on the coffin a piece of crape, to which was attached the following:—

We deeply mourn our loss; but God doeth all things well. He deemeth what is best for us. A friend that sticketh closer than a brother.

THE SCENE AT MIDNIGHT.

The crowd, notwithstanding the immense number which had passed during the day, was at its greatest about "midnight's holy hour." As the clock tolled the hour of twelve the members of the German singing societies, who had taken their places in the corridor beneath the rotunda, commenced the *Inter oves*. Heard from the neighborhood of the *catafalque*, the sound had a most thrilling effect. The music of their voices as it swelled in the glorious *crescendo*, in the first part of that magnificent melody, echoing through the passages, seemed as a song of angels welcoming the spirit of the departed to his heavenly home, and then again, with a dying fall, passing almost insensibly away. It crept over the senses of all those present, who reverentially uncovered. Then followed the *Gloria* [illegible], which was rendered with remarkable precision. The chorus consisted of seventy voices, under the direction of Mr. Loyer. The clubs represented were the Quartette, of Hoboken, the German, Harmonia and the Concordia. All the members wore appropriate mourning badges.

AN ESTIMATE OF THE VISITORS DURING THE DAY.

On careful calculations at various times during the day and night we found that on an average eighty persons passed the coffin in a minute—that is, forty on either side. This would allow for the entire number passed up to midnight a number not much under sixty thousand. This, we are sure, is a moderate computation, and should the stream of people continue the same through the night, as we have every reason to suppose it will, considerably over one hundred and twenty thousand will have viewed the body.

At the latest hour the crowd exhibited no decrease. The great number of people, the darkness of the night, and the solemnity of the occasion, formed a deeply impressive scene, in keeping with the great bereavement now shrouding the country in gloom.

THE CLOSE AT CITY HALL.

The Lying in State.

The closing hours of the obsequial rites at the City Hall were marked by incidents as touching as those of the earlier portions of the ceremony, and when the last spectator had cast his lingering glance upon the bier the thousands who had seen the body were only outnumbered by the thousands who had not seen it, though they eagerly desired to do so.

THROUGH THE NIGHT.

To say that the unceasing current of visitors suffered no diminution during Monday night would be insufficient to convey an idea of the anxiety that was manifested to view the President's remains. At a late hour on Monday evening arrangements were made by which two lines of visitors, instead of one, could pass the bier. The Governor's Room, in front of which the *catafalque* was erected, was thrown open to the people, who entered at the basement on the Murray street side of the Hall, with Common Council passes at first, and subsequently without any passes at all, and moved round the outside of the rotunda, and so out of the building. The effect of this arrangement was that an unbroken stream of mourners flowed past each side of the impassive corpse, and the hourly number of visitors was virtually doubled from the period when this plan was adopted until the end.

Twelve o'clock passed, and the sixth watch were relieved by the seventh. Two o'clock came, and with it another change of the guard of honor. But still there was no perceptible falling off in the pressure of the throng. Noiselessly and rapidly they flitted past in the dim, uncertain light of the gas lamps, and the instant they had gone others took their places. It seemed to those who looked attentively at the corpse—and probably it was so—as if the lower jaw had fallen somewhat, through its long exposure, giving to the settled face of death an aspect more sepulchral than it had hitherto presented. No sound broke the solemn stillness, except the hollow tramping of the soldiery as they marched along the corridors every two hours to relieve the guard. And so the night wore on.

EARLY MORNING.

Not till the first gray shadows of morning began to steal over the heavy folds of the drapery, lending additional melancholy to the scene, was there any break in the monotonous chain of onlookers. And then the torrent was stayed only for a few moments. Fresh arrivals, many of them from the country, began to take the place of the pallid-faced, wearied watchers who had waited all through the night to get their turn. As the day advanced the crowd increased, and by eight o'clock the approaches to the City Hall were more crowded than they were the day before.

THE OUTSIDE SCENES.

All this time the lines of waiting mourners were extending further and further into the limits of the impossible. It was evident from the earliest hour that half those who were so patiently standing on the footpaths in Broadway and Centre street could not possibly get a view of the body within the time assigned for the lying in state. Still they remained in the ranks, hoping, apparently against hope, that some unlooked-for diversion might lessen their distance from the wished-for goal. The lines were kept by the police and military combined, and generally with great good humor, considering the enormous demands made upon their patience and endurance by the eager crowd.

FROM THE ROOF.

Seen from the roof of the City Hall, Broadway and its attendant streets were a vast panorama of almost noiseless life. The deathlike stillness was broken only by the occasional beating of a drum, as some of the *fidelem* and *fidelis* of the procession moved to their rendezvous, or the subdued "soughing" of the populace, surging backwards and forwards. The Park in front of the City Hall had been cleared of the crowds of the previous day by the new arrangements for the admission of the public to the building. A thin line of spectators marked the boundary of the chain fence, which formed an extended parallelogram before the entrance of the hall. In this enclosure soon after ten o'clock the military began to assemble. First came a company of the Seventh regiment—New York's pride—and afterwards a detachment of the old Washington Grays, magnificently mounted and equipped, and their officers attired in full mourning. Very soon the bugle call to assemble resounded through the corridor where the dead was lying in its silent state, and the tramp of military feet varied the stealthy footsteps of the passing spectators.

THE MILITARY VIEW THE BODY.

Soon after eleven o'clock several companies of the Seventh regiment, upon whom has devolved the arduous duty of maintaining guard at the City Hall, passed by to view the body. After them followed a number of officers and veterans of the war, some of whom gazed with irrepressible emotion on the loved face of their late Commander-in-Chief.

AN INCIDENT.

The steamboat Granite State, from Hartford, brought down over three hundred passengers, who marched from the boat to the City Hall to view the body. One of their number placed a magnificent cross, two feet in length, upon the coffin. The cross was composed entirely of white camelias, rosebuds and azalias. There was one bud for each of the United States and one azalia to represent each year of the deceased's life. It was made in Hartford from flowers culled from the choicest private conservatories, and was the handiwork of Warren H. Burr, local editor of the Hartford *Daily Post*.

INTERESTING RELICS.

Captain Parker Snow, the distinguished commander of the arctic and antarctic exploring expeditions, presented to Gen. Dix, with a view of their being interred in the coffin with the President, some interesting relics of Sir John Franklin's ill-fated expedition. They consisted of a tattered leaf of a Prayer Book, on which the first word legible was the word "Martyr," and a piece of fringe and some portions of uniform. These suggestive relics, which are soon to be buried out of sight, were found in a boat lying under the head of a human skeleton.

THE DOORS CLOSED.

At twenty minutes to twelve o'clock the doors of admission were closed to the general public, and though for some hours past the people had been admitted at the rate of nearly one hundred a minute—and over one hundred and fifty thousand persons must have seen the body—there yet remained immense crowds who were sent away disappointed. When the preparations for closing the coffin were about to commence, Archbishop McCloskey entered the Governor's Room, and gazed for some seconds at the remains of the departed.

IN THE GOVERNOR'S ROOM.

The Governor's Room, when all but the military and those immediately connected with the obsequies had withdrawn, presented a brilliant appearance. All the foreign consuls were present, dressed in their diplomatic uniforms. Governor Fenton was in attendance. General Dix, accompanied by his staff, was, of course, present, as also Generals Sandford, Barnard, Eaton, Townsend, Hunter, Caldwell, Peck, Tyler, Butterfield, A. P. Howe and Ramsay; Admiral Paulding and Lieutenant Colonel Dodge, late Provost Marshal. Prominent among the civilians was Rev. Dr. Gurley, the pastor of the deceased President, who, accompanied by Brigadier General J. A. Ekin, came from Washington on Monday afternoon, at the special request of the Secretary of War, and will accompany the remains to their last resting place, at Springfield.

REMOVING THE BODY FROM THE GOVERNOR'S ROOM.

As the hour of one approached, the word was given to remove the body to the funeral car awaiting it below. Six of the body guard raised it upon their shoulders, and, while a sergeant at each end steadied the coffin to prevent the possibility of accident, bore it slowly down the spiral staircase and out of the City Hall, the whole assemblage following.

The Trains of Mourners.

The excitement, and the crowding, and the rushing of the people on Tuesday morning to obtain a view of the remains of the President, in lieu of decreasing as the hour for closing the coffin drew nigh, seemed actually to increase, and where there was anxiety before there was evolved a spirit of positive rudeness. To the honor of the city be it said, however, the majority of those who had remained standing in the streets for hours, patiently waiting for their turn to come, were orderly, sober and silent, as though watching for the advent of some solemn spectacle or listening to distant and mournful music in some cathedral's shadowy aisles.

On Broadway the scene was one of unusual interest, even to the oldest resident and those most accustomed to move among large multitudes. There were three trains of mourners, anxious to look upon all there was mortal left of the man they mourned. Two had their converging points at the City Hall Park gates on the eastern side of Broadway, and their extremes extending northward and southward upon Broadway, and the third entered from Centre street, on the eastern side of the Park. The number of persons included in those sub-processions could not have been far short of fifty thousand, exclusive of the crowds standing upon each side, ready to drop into line when a chance presented. And upon the streets running parallel with Broadway the gatherings were equally dense, all intent upon one sole object—a view of the remains known to be within the City Hall, the Mecca of all their present hopes. Many were doomed to be sorely disappointed.

Upon Broadway, south of the Warren street gate, the train extended fully to Dey street at the hour of the closing of the entrances, half-past eleven, and was composed of men, women and children of all nationalities and ranks in life, standing compactly, two and two, and crowding up gradually towards the Park entrance. Of course none of those at the southern extremity of the line were enabled to reach the gate, and, when the order was given, dispersed sorrowfully to their homes, or sought positions where they could secure a view at least of the *catafalque*, as it passed in the procession soon to be formed. And the same scenes, the same almost endless sea of faces and endless forest of human forms, upon the same great thoroughfare north of Warren street, extending along the eastern side of the roadway—for once in its history bereft of omnibuses and drays and express wagons and their accompanying horses—the same dense line of people, the same breathless anxiety to reach the portals of the Park, and the same collection of human beings blocking up the remainder of the street and the adjacent streets. This was the condition of things as far north as Chambers street; and above that, as far as the eye well could reach, were to be seen the gathering cohorts for the formation of the grand procession of the day. Banners and transparencies floated in the breeze; the colors of our country, draped in black, waved from every house top; there was the flashing of bright steel in the clear sunlight, the sound of distant martial music, the muffled tread of many feet, the confused murmur of myriads of subdued human voices. It was a scene in this national drama to be seen and to be heard—and the beholder and hearer of which well might say, "Now that I have seen and heard, let me no longer live on earth"—for the fellow of the scene was never looked upon or listened to upon the Western Continent. And God grant it may never be seen or heard again in the history of this nation!

Upon Centre street the view was equally alive. The train headed for the Chatham street entrance to the Park was just as dense, compared with that upon Broadway; and even at that hour the integral parts of the grand funeral *cortège* were parading the by-streets and marching to the localities where they had been ordered to form in line. To Pearl street extended this vast funeral train. There was a great plain of black hats, a grand galaxy of white linen shirt bosoms, an overwhelming avalanche of broadcloth, and all animated by a common impulse, a single purpose—to reach the City Hall.

But at half-past eleven the gates were closed. There was no more hope for those who had long hoped against hope; and gradually the trains at the Park entrances were broken up and the people departed, disappointed, but determined to see at least the outward covering of the mortal remains they could not behold, and participate in the procession which was to follow them to the depot, whence they were to be taken to the Western States, where there are more mourners and more grief-stricken friends.

Considering the fact that many of the people remained in the streets during the whole night waiting for a chance to see the corpse of Mr. Lincoln, and that many of our citizens came away from their homes at an early hour on Tuesday morning, bringing their breakfasts and their daily papers, both to be consumed while they stood in the line, it is to be regretted that more time could not have been given them, or that something else could not have been done to facilitate the entrance and egress of the crowds who were fortunate enough to gain the interior of the City Hall. But let the unsuccessful ones console themselves with the thought that they were at least successful in forming a portion of one of the largest spontaneous exhibitions of a nation's reverence for an honest, plain, simple man, that ever the history of the world recorded, or that ever the pen of the historian will probably have an opportunity to describe in the future of any of the nations of the earth.

Outside the City Hall.

In consequence of the rigid regulations as to admission to the Park there were few civilians immediately outside the City Hall just previous to the arrival of the coffin from the interior. Around the guard, and indeed around all the vicinities where any kind of a view could be had of the *cortège* an immense crowd had congregated. An observation from the steps of the City Hall truly presented a panorama of picturesque solemnity rarely, if ever, witnessed in this metropolis. The eye took in a continuous sea of upturned faces, men, women and children blocked up the squares and streets, filled the windows, housetops and balconies. The drapery of death fluttered mournfully in the spring breezes, while silence, interrupted occasionally by whispered conversation, reigned over all. In front of the City Hall was a clear space, flanked on all sides by the Seventh regiment and the Metropolitan police. Universal order controlled this immense mass of persons, and no incident occurred to mar the general solemnity of the occasion. It was in striking contradistinction to the general displays in which our citizens have been called upon to take part around the City Hall. No cheer came bursting joyously on the ear; no enthusiastic hurrah of the multitude disturbed the solemnity of the occasion; the ringing of bells and solemn tap of the drum alone breaking the ominous silence which designated the great obsequies then being carried out. A large body of police held possession of the City Hall steps and entrances—thus insuring the utmost order and quiet.

The Seventh regiment was drawn up in line fronting the Hall, and they presented a splendid appearance. Never did this crack corps look better than they did yesterday. Each man seemed imbued with the feeling that the great event of the time called upon him to look and act the soldier in its strictest sense. They had been selected as a guard of honor to their dead President, and the mournful honor had its effect upon them. Proudly sad they had conducted his remains to the City Hall on Monday last; now they were called upon to escort them to the car which was destined to carry the sacred ashes forever from among us. Creditably have they discharged that duty, and with watchful care have the honored remains been guarded while in the metropolis.

At half-past twelve o'clock two companies of the Seventh were marched to the steps of the Hall, and formed line on either side so that the coffin might pass between. About the same time Major General Sandford and staff rode up to the Hall, and having dismounted entered the building. A number of other military gentlemen and distinguished civilians followed. Then came several delegations, who formed in order of procession immediately inside the principal entrance through which the coffin was momentarily expected to emerge.

ARRIVAL OF THE FUNERAL CAR.

At ten minutes to one o'clock the funeral car, which was specially constructed to carry the remains through the city, appeared in front of the Hall.

When the funeral car had been placed in its proper position Major General Dix, with cap in hand, appeared on the steps of the hall and gave the signal for the remains to be carried out. The coffin then appeared, borne on the stalwart shoulders of the guard of honor from the Veteran Reserve corps. All in the immediate vicinity instinctively uncovered. The band of the Seventh regiment played a mournful dirge, the City Hall bell tolled, the military presented arms, and, amid the unbroken silence among the multitude, the mortal remains of Abraham Lincoln were borne to the funeral car.

A ladder was placed by the side of the funeral car, which was ascended by the soldiers bearing the coffin, and the remains placed thus in their proper receptacle.

THE REMAINS PASSING OUT OF THE PARK.

At length the arrangements for onward progress were complete, and the head of the Seventh regiment filed out of the Park into Broadway. A few minutes later the funeral car followed, and the entire procession slowly marched off with steady, solemn pace, amid a muffled roll of drums and saddened strains of funeral dirges from a number of bands.

THE PROCESSION.

The Military Display.

The military had the lead of the great funeral procession in more senses than one. In fact the militia astonished every one on Tuesday, though every one knows that it is not easy now-a-days to astonish the citizens of New York. When the history of the New York militia is written there will be two pages in their annals more interesting, more creditable and more gallant than all the others, and these will record their prompt response to the call of President Lincoln to defend the national capital in 1861, and the unanimity, force and order with which they turned out to escort the remains of that same great and good President on their passage through New York on the 24th and 25th of April, 1865. The military pageant on Tuesday—if such so solemn and mournful a display can properly be denominated—exceeded anything in the military order that ever occurred in the city of New York. In numbers, in discipline, and unmistakable interest each individual seemed to vie with the rest in the desire to appear to advantage, and thus honor the remains of the martyr President who has led the nation successfully and triumphantly through the storms of treason and rebellion, and at last sealed his devotion to the cause of the nation with his blood and his life. None knew better than the soldiers how to honor the great, the brave and the true patriot, and the display on Tuesday was a proof beyond prevarication that the militia of the metropolis can fully appreciate the time, the circumstances and the event which call forth the tribute of honor and gratitude to the departed great. But to the procession and the military part of it. How can we convey an idea of what it was? The mere mention of dry figures will not do this, nor will the bare announcement that so many regiments, with swelling ranks and patriotic hearts were there, accomplish the object. We must enter into a few details at least.

The first intimation made to the mighty throng along the route of the procession that it was moving was the sound of the artillery, then the sound of marching music and muffled drums. But the first tangible proof of the approach of the procession was the advance of a squadron, or, more correctly, a troop squad, or whatever you like, of mounted police, bearing back the crowded populace on both sides of the line of the procession. It is no part of the procession to describe how the people submitted to this prelude, and the patience and quiet they evinced in bearing with it, and even assisting in carrying out the efforts of the police, or a volume in commendation might be written. They bore it well, and that is enough to record. The next part of the procession or grand escort of the remains of Abraham Lincoln from the city of New York was the approach of a body of about one hundred dragoons. These dragoons were handsomely attired in blue, with yellow and red facings, rode elegant horses, wore plumes of white and black, moved with the utmost regularity, solemnity and precision, and were universally admired by the million (literally the million) along the route. Next to these came four generals. Among these was General Sandford; but the people did not seem to take much interest in these, but simply looked, and seemed to say, "We want to see something else. Militia generals are very good in their way, but we prefer the militia." Then came a large number of staff officers which the people looked on momentarily without remark, their chief desire being to see the rank and file, the mass of the militia, who, it was well understood, had turned out in unprecedented force to escort the remains of the lamented President Lincoln through the Empire City to their last resting place. After the large number of generals and staff officers had passed, the Duncan light artillery passed along, and was certainly well calculated to hold so prominent a place in the procession. The troops, as well as all those who preceded and followed them, wore black crape on the left arm. Their standards were enshrouded in the same sable gauzy material. The men did not wear the cheerful look, the joyous deportment, which usually characterize the militiamen when they turn out on great occasions. There was sorrow and solemnity pervading and forming the feature and general aspect of all. It was proper that these troops should have the advance of the procession. They were from Brooklyn, and, being strangers and sojourners from the sister city, were assigned the conspicuous position of the advance in the whole display. The Fifty-second regiment of infantry, Colonel Cole commanding, preceded by a splendid band and drum corps, came next. The infantry were a relief to the people, for, somehow or other, most people can scarcely believe that anything else but infantry are soldiers. They marched in platoons, with a front to each platoon of twenty men. And they marched well. There was no applause, however, from the vast multitude. Silently and steadily moved the troops. Their banners are draped and folded; mourning emblems are borne by every man, and the sidearms carried by the officers are bound in deep mourning. And thus they march in common time. After the Fifty-second come the Forty-seventh; their uniform is the same blue—the color worn by the gallant troops who have preserved our nation and reflected honor upon the now drooping and furled national colors. Colonel Meserole marched at their head, immediately in rear of the band. All were in full dress, the officers wearing epaulettes, and the men appearing in their brightest colors. Many of the troops, in addition to the crape on the left arm, prescribed in the general order, also wore miniature likenesses of the late President on their breasts, with other distinguishing marks of grief and remembrance. Next came the band of the Twenty-third regiment, followed by Colonel Pratt and the staff officers of that handsome and historic corps. They marched as well, and perhaps better, than the two infantry regiments which preceded them, and their ranks were fuller and perhaps more precise in their evolutions. There was little difference, however, in their general aspect. They brought up the rear of the Fifth brigade. By this time the people had seen a considerable number of infantry, and the variation of an artillery battery was not displeasing. The Brigadier General and his staff which preceded, obtained a passing notice, as usual, and then the battery rolled and marched along to advantage. The Seventieth regiment of cavalry, with their gay red and white plumes, their colors of white and red, their lances and gaily caparisoned horses, came tramping along after the artillery, and rode with a grace and nonchalance that would not discredit the renowned troopers of the indefatigable Sheridan. The Twenty-eighth and Fourteenth regiments, with full ranks, and all of Brooklyn, came next. It is unnecessary to say anything of these two celebrated regiments. Everybody knows them. Their fame reaches to the Army of the Potomac, and to every soldier in it. Their record is not to be written in connection with a parade in New York, even though it be the obsequies of President Lincoln. The Fourteenth regiment has made its career historic at Bull Run and nearly all the succeeding conflicts in the Army of the Potomac, from that memorable field to Spottsylvania Court House. The gallant comrades who obeyed the great martyred chief when he called upon them have amply attested their devotion to the country and its honor by the numbers of their dead and maimed strewn upon innumerable battlefields. It was no wonder then that the Fourteenth regiment created a sensation—a deep and sorrowing sensation—as it moved along bearing its tattered and ensbrouded colors draped and sorrowing through the route of the procession. The Thirteenth regiment, Colonel J. B. Woodward, another Brooklyn corps, brought up the rear of the Fifth brigade, and with its honorable and patriotic record was also received with great favor by the appreciative multitudes through which this gallant regiment had the honor to march.

To detail the movements of the city regiments comprising the First division is unnecessary. They all did well. They turned out in larger force than on any former occasion. Like the troops comprising the Second division, which had the advance, they all, with the exception of the Seventh regiment, which was the immediate guard of the funeral car, carried their arms at a shoulder, had their colors draped and wore crape on the left arm. Among the various regiments it would be difficult to say which did best. There was nothing wanting that could contribute to beauty and effect in any single organization. In advance of the Twenty-second regiment marched the garrison of Hart's Island, consisting of five hundred men, composing a body of veterans, under command of Major M. S. Ewen, from various veteran regiments. No troops were better appreciated than these heroes of many battles. They marched and manœuvred as they have often done in front of the enemy on the battlefields of the war for the Union, and that is enough to say for them. Their band preceded them playing dirges in common time, and they bore the colors of many regiments whose names and members have reflected glory and victory on the starry flag. The officers of the Seventy-ninth, in their martial Scottish costumes, though there were only a few of them, brought back all the battle fields from Blackburn's ford to Knoxville. Their Highland plaid brought tears to many eyes. The Fifty-fifth regiment, with their red pants and caps, *à la chasseurs à pied*, also recalled the historic scenes of the commencement and progress of the rebellion. The Sixty-ninth, Seventy-first, Twenty-second, the old Eighth, Twelfth, and all the city regiments, could not be mistaken, nor their career forgotten, as they marched along. Nothing could be more in keeping with the time and the solemn occasion than to have these brave and tried corps doing honor to the remains of him who was so lately the centre, the pivot, on which the army and the people had so long revolved in their honest efforts to suppress the rebellion against the Union, freedom and nationality. Most of the old colors borne by these regiments attested, in their torn and faded, though shrouded colors, the efforts that these loyal and gallant militia organizations had made to sustain the government of their fathers in its fullness of dominion and inviolate integrity. The Fourth artillery, numbering seven hundred men, under Colonel Teller, too, though it carried no flag, bore along the guns with which it assisted to hurl back the insolent hosts of Lee from the soil of Pennsylvania in 1863.

The whole military pageant was grand. On no other occasion did New York or any other city display such a force of citizen militia. There were eighteen city regiments in the parade, and they averaged fully five hundred men each, thus making a total of nine thousand troops, besides the batteries, guns and their staffs, escort and so forth, amounting to one thousand more, which made the whole number of city militia in the parade at least ten thousand men. The United States troops and the Brooklyn regiments numbered five thousand more, so that the entire force of military in the procession reached the grand figure of fifteen thousand men. This calculation is further corroborated by another calculation. The troops, when formed, had their extreme right resting on Barclay street, and thence they extended in line of formation or double line to Twenty-fifth street, a distance of four miles. Besides this, they extended down Canal street six blocks and around Union square, which would make altogether about four miles and a half. Now, the number of yards in this distance is eight thousand nine hundred and twenty, and as each man would occupy about one yard, a single line would give eight thousand nine hundred and twenty men; but as the line was double there were twice that number, which gives us seventeen thousand eight hundred and forty; then allow two thousand eight hundred and forty for gaps in the line, and we have, at the lowest estimate, fifteen thousand men bearing arms in the procession. The Seventh regiment, Colonel Clark, turned out nine hundred men, and marched with reversed arms. They were followed by a battalion of marines, which was about three hundred strong, and the officers of the army and navy of the United States now in the city. The following are the names of some of the military and naval officers in the procession:—Major General Palmer, Brigadier General T. F. Meagher, Brigadier General Este, Brigadier General Hunt, Brigadier General Keirnan, Lieutenant Colonel H. S. Chatfield, Admiral Paulding, Commodore Engle, Commodore Ringgold. There were also several French naval officers, in full uniform, in company with the officers of our own navy.

After the passage of the officers above named, all interest was concentrated in the funeral car bearing the remains of our late President, which, with the guard of honor, now halted and marched past the multitude assembled to do them honor.

Then followed Major General Dix and staff, preceding the guard of honor, which consisted of a detachment from the Seventh regiment, formed two deep and in hollow square, inside of which marched the veteran guard which has accompanied the remains of the illustrious dead from Washington. In the centre of the square was the grand feature of the display,

THE FUNERAL CAR,

bearing the remains of the illustrious dead. The car was fourteen feet long at its longest part, eight feet wide and fifteen feet one inch in height. On the main platform, which is five feet from the ground, was erected a dais six inches in height, at the corners of which were columns holding a canopy, which, curving inwards and upwards towards the centre, was surmounted by a miniature temple of liberty.

The platform was entirely covered with fine black cloth, drawn tightly over the body of the car, and reaching to within a few inches of the ground, edged with silver bullion fringe. Over this hung graceful festoons of the same material, spangled with silver stars, and edged also with silver bullion. At the base of each column were three American flags, slightly inclined, festooned, covered with crape. The columns were black, covered with vines of myrtle and camelias.

The canopy was of black cloth, drawn tightly, and from the base of the temple another draping of black cloth fell in graceful folds over the first; while from the lower edges of the canopy depended festoons, also of black cloth, caught under small shields. The folds and festoons were richly spangled and trimmed with bullion. At each corner of the canopy was a rich plume of black and white feathers.

The temple of liberty was represented as being deserted, having no emblems of any kind in or around it save a small flag on top, at half-mast. The inside of the car was lined with white satin, fluted, and from the centre of the roof was suspended a large gilt eagle, with outspread wings, covered with crape, bearing in its talons a laurel wreath, and the platform around the coffin was strewn with laurel wreaths and flowers of various kinds.

The car was drawn by sixteen gray horses, with coverings of black cloth, trimmed with silver bullion, each led by a colored groom, dressed in the usual habiliments of mourning, with streamers of crape on their hats.

This was, without doubt, one of the finest specimens of the upholsterer's art ever displayed in this or any other city.

Before the guard of honor came in sight, and the gilded top of the temple surmounting the car was seen in the distance, there was a general pushing and crowding for good positions. At its nearer approach a simultaneous hush seemed to come over the entire crowd; the men reverently lifted their hats, and all eyes, many of which were moist with tears, were fastened on the car and coffin from the time of its appearance till it passed out of sight; then there was a moment of death-like stillness, when the pent up feelings of the immense throng seemed to relieve themselves with a simultaneous sigh.

Many waited to see no more of the procession as it passed on in its regular order, which was the guard of honor, followed by a troop of cavalry as escort to Brigadier General Hall, Grand Marshal, with his aids, after which came the Second division.

The Second Division.

This division, which comprised the representatives of the State, county and city governments of this and other cities and States, representatives of foreign nations, &c., formed a very prominent feature of the grand procession.

The order of arrangements agreed upon by the committee, owing to the immense number who turned out to do honor to the occasion, had to be temporarily abandoned, and the various sub-divisions were compelled to form in line in some of the adjoining streets.

The carriages provided for the foreign representatives and delegations from the States and Territories of the United States, were formed in line in Chambers street, the right resting on Broadway, and the federal officers of the Custom House, Surveyor's Office, Post Office, and the collectors, assessors and deputies of the United States internal revenue, United States marshals and the judges and officers of the United States courts, formed on Centre street, the head of the line resting on the corner of City Hall square and Tryon row.

The arrangement of the carriages in the line was conducted by Mr. Van Ranst, who admirably performed that exceedingly difficult duty.

The foreign representatives were dressed in full court costume, wearing on their persons the insignia of their rank. Some of their uniforms were of the most gorgeous description, and attracted particular attention. Many of them wore sidearms, and all wore the usual badge of mourning.

The Third Division.

Closely following the Second division came the Third division, led by Colonel Frank E. Howe, Grand Marshal, consisting of the band and drum corps of the Twelfth United States infantry from Fort Hamilton, a detachment of about forty of the Hawkins Zouaves, carrying old battle flags, draped in mourning, under Lieutenant Jackson; the medical faculty and the clergy on foot—among whom were the following:—Right Rev. Archbishop McCloskey, Very Rev. Dr. Starrs, V. G.; Rev. Francis McNierny, Rev. J. P. Thompson, Rev. R. Hitchcock, Rev. Father Mooney, Rev. Mr. McMahon, Rev. Dr. Thompson, Rev. J. B. Dunbe, Rev. U. H. Blair, Rev. H. S. Stevens, Rev. Mr. Loomis, Rev. O. Eastman, Rev. Wm. Bisset, Rev. J. H. Orter, Rev. Julius Hone, Rev. John T. Eltendorf, Rev. Mr. Huntington, Rev. Dr. Hodge, Rev. Dr. Weston and Rev. C. Meheny. The members of the Chamber of Commerce, wearing the mourning badges of the [illegible]

Chamber, followed, headed by General Strong, as Grand Marshal. These were succeeded by the officers of the associated banks of the city of New York, also wearing mourning badges. A delegation of about forty persons, representing the New York Board of Fire Insurance Companies. These were followed by the Athenæum Club, Wm. T. Blodget, President. The Union League Club, Mr. Wm. P. Jones, Marshal, came next, headed by the band of the Fifth regiment, United States Army, and numbered about five hundred persons, all of whom wore mourning badges. These were again succeeded by the Union General Committee, John H. White, Marshal; the Tammany General Committee, Noah Childs, Marshal, and the Mozart General Committee, preceded by their sergeants-at-arms, and wearing the usual mourning badges, and numbering in the aggregate about eight hundred men. The delegation of the Union League of America, which followed next, headed by the Newark band, mustered in great numbers, reaching in the total nearly five thousand men. The German Central Committee, Mr. Conlopy, Marshal, followed, and were succeeded by the Historical Society of the city of New York, Richard Warren, Chairman, with band and banner. The Republican German Central Committee, G. F. Steinbrunner, Marshal, numbering two hundred and fifty members, with banner and band, followed, and were again succeeded by the citizens of the Pacific coast, numbering about one hundred and fifty persons. The rear of the division was brought up by the Cadets of Temperance and the Grand Division of the Sons of Temperance, wearing their full regalia, and numbering about four hundred men.

The Fourth Division.

The Fourth division was composed exclusively of the Masonic fraternity and other orders. If the nearly total absence of the usual regalia hindered the lodges from presenting the imposing appearance which such a large body of men arrayed in the brilliant insignia of their order would undoubtedly exhibit, yet, attired in uniform black habiliments, and aided only by simple, unpretending mourning badges and sprigs of acacia—the emblem of immortality—worn on Tuesday by them, their appearance was striking in the extreme, and appropriate to the mournful occasion. This division was headed by General Hobart Ward, Marshal, and his aids, and a brass band, and were followed by the lodges of the Free and Accepted Masons of New York, Brooklyn, Williamsburg, Greenpoint and Harlem.

The Fifth Division.

After the passage of the Fourth division through the given route, the Fifth division followed. It was composed of Irishmen. Green and gold, mingled unhappily with the solemn badge of the grave, were the devices which each man wore in the ranks. On arm, shoulder and breast each member of each Irish society wore some emblem expressive of sympathy for the dead. Even the little children, the sons of Irish parents, with their neat little green jackets slashed with gold, were provided by their patriotic fathers and mothers with badges suitable to the solemn occasion. All Irishmen who took part in the procession manifested in some way or other their love for liberty and their reverence for the great dead.

The Sixth Division

was composed of the trades represented by the New York Caulkers' Association, 'Longshoremen's Union Protective Association, the New York and Brooklyn Sawyers' Association, the New York Steam Boiler Makers' Association, the Waiters' Protective Benevolent Association, and the Coopers' Benevolent Association.

The Seventh Division

consisted also of trades and societies, among which were the American Protestant Association, the Workingmen's Union, New York Caledonian Club, the Italian Society, National Glee Club, and the Knights of St. Patrick, with a large number of German societies.

The Eighth Division.

BROOKLYN CITIZENS AND SOCIETIES.

This division formed a very interesting portion of the civic branch of the procession, and attracted much attention along the route.

The Colored Population.

Following the Eighth division were the colored population of New York, who, though deprived of an invitation to join the grand pageant, nevertheless, when informed of the action taken by the military authorities, were only too glad to pay the last sad tributes of respect to their great benefactor. Having formed in Reade street, they patiently awaited the arrival of the left of the Eighth division, and then joined in the procession, numbering at least two thousand persons. They were preceded by a banner bearing the following inscription:—

ABRAHAM LINCOLN,
OUR EMANCIPATOR.

On the reverse side of which were the following words:—

TWO MILLIONS OF BONDSMEN HE LIBERTY GAVE.

The Park During the Procession.

Having thus sketched the entire procession in detail, let us now take a look back again, and review the entire route of the procession. We will begin with the scene about the Park during the moving of the funeral cortége.

As the remains were being removed from the City Hall to the funeral car, on the esplanade in front, the crowd that pressed heavily against the line of guards and police about the Hall seemed to suspend respiration for a moment, and anxiously and eagerly watched every motion of the veteran sergeants who bore the coffin. Then there was an impulsive advance on all sides by the men, women and children, who, with only an overpowering desire to draw closer to the honored, surged against the lines of blue and gray, as if they would carry all before them. The authoritative voices of the soldiers and policemen recalled the minds of the eager throng to the solemn event they were a part of, and they fell back to their places as quietly and peaceably as children. No aggressive feeling was developed, and no remonstrance was uttered by the crowd when they were urged to retain their places by the police. All were subdued by the solemnity and sadness of the occasion. On the Broadway side, where the crowd was densest, not a single exhibition of bad temper or ill-feeling was made on the part of the people, who, wearied with watching, and patient, awaited the moving of the funeral cortége, to catch the last glimpse of the casket that inclosed all that was earthly of the honored head of the nation. The people there, as on the Chatham street side, were well dressed, respectable and orderly. The entire mass, such as in size this city has never before seen, seemed to be animated by one sentiment, and controlled by one impulse. High and low, rich and poor, native and foreign born, all seemed to be touched by the one sentiment of regret and sadness, that subdued the natural tendency of great masses to indulge in mild forms of mob violence, and made them as quiet, as peaceable, as orderly, as the congregation the country church bell calls to prayers on a mid-summer day. The city never saw a greater throng, nor a more orderly one. The adventurous urchin that climbed the trees overlooking the Park, dropped for the time being his outlandish calls from his comrades with outlandish names, and sat solemnly and quietly and watched the funeral procession with a dignity and a seriousness rarely witnessed in the Park from furtive youths. There were no incidents, such as spring up and are garnered by the argus-eyed reporter on other public occasions in the City Hall Park. The people were too sad and depressed to indulge in mirth or sportive tricks. No one was drunk to create a disturbance, and no one was elated enough to attract attention. So the people, with tearful eyes under the shadow of the great affliction, watched patiently and unmurmuringly the moving of the honored dead and mournful procession, and silently breathed over them their most heartfelt and fervent prayers, and saw it go from them with a pang at every heart and a sigh from every lip.

Such an occasion, such a crowd and such a day New York may never see again. The world never witnessed so grand a collection of well dressed, intelligent, well behaved beings, male and female, as thronged the streets of New York yesterday and gathered around the bier of the leader of the nation. No outbreak, no violence, no feverish commotion marked the immense gathering. All was tranquil, free from disturbance, and as peaceable as the flow of the mighty Hudson. It was a proud day for New York, and a new evidence to the world of the well founded strength of republican institutions.

The police arrangements, under Captain Brackett, of the City Hall precinct, were all that could be desired. The machinery worked smoothly, and without jar or trouble. Affairs could not have been better arranged.

The Scene in Broadway.

Scarcely two months since a joyous cavalcade passed through our city. Our armies had gained a succession of glorious victories and a nation jubilantly turned out to do them honor. Broadway then presented a holiday appearance, flags and streamers waved from every house, crowds of joyous processionists marched to stirring national airs. How changed did our city appear on Tuesday, and how different a guise did Broadway assume. No streaming banners, no joyous shouts, no lively music. Clad throughout its entire length in the sable garb of mourning. Crape floated from every casement where so short a time since our starry banner, gorgeous with its crimson stripes, fluttered in the breeze. A silent crowd instead of the merry shouting, laughing multitude of the 6th of March. The muffled rolling of the drum, the slow measured tread of the military. And how is this? The various designs and mottoes which adorn our palaces of trade on either side may enlighten us.

One strikes us—a coffin on which is inscribed the name of "Lincoln," o'er which a figure of a woman bends in grief. Under this is written

WE MOURN THE DEATH OF ABRAHAM LINCOLN.

Alas, it is too true. A nation has turned out to follow to the grave the remains of its chief. Abraham Lincoln is dead.

Thus yields the cedar to the axe's edge,
Whose arms gave shelter to the princely eagle;
Under whose shade the ramping lion slept;
Whose top branch overpeer'd Jove spreading tree,
And kept low shrubs from winter's powerful wind.

From an early hour vast crowds thronged the sidewalks, steps and every available inch of ground in Broadway. The very trees were accolés with a living weight. Every window along Broadway was crowded with eager spectators arranged tier above tier. Temporary balconies had been erected outside of a number of stores, which were filled with ladies. Every housetop was covered, and at the corners of the various streets off of Broadway carts were situated with seats arranged on them, all occupied by anxious watchers for the passage of the funeral procession. It was so arranged that the street from curb to curb was kept perfectly clear, and few attempts were made by the crowd to exceed the limits allotted to them. It did not require that the streets should be lined with military or police in order to sustain order. Each person seemed too much alive to the solemnity of the occasion to attempt any breach of decorum. As the time approached at which the funeral cortége was announced to move, the crowds became so dense that it was impossible to remain other than stationary. It differed from other crowds in there being none of that swaying to and fro, that rude jostling one of another. During the early part of the day the various regiments passed in succession down Broadway to the City Hall, in order to take their allotted position in the procession.

At one o'clock precisely the booming of the minute guns at Union square announced that the funeral cortége was in motion. On it came, the military marching, with measured tread, to the solemn music of the "March from Tannhauser." The sun gleaming on their bayonets threw into relief the various mourning ornaments of the houses on either side. Regiment after regiment passed, and at length the appearance of General Dix and the Guard of Honor, with arms reversed, intimated the approach of the funeral car on which the body of our late President was borne. This was the all-absorbing portion of the procession. As it came in view, surrounded by the Seventh regiment, each head was simultaneously uncovered. The scene at this stage was truly impressive. Not a word disturbed a silence only broken by the rolling of the muffled drums; many a head was bowed in sorrow and we noticed here and there tears dimming the eyes of many of the spectators. Some gazed in admiration at the magnificent ornamentations of the coffin and car, while in many instances the clasped hands and upturned glances betokened the flight of full many a prayer to the throne of Him who holds alike the keys of life and death; and long and anxiously was the car watched as it was drawn from their sight. Then followed the remainder of the procession; but the thoughts of the spectators were with the cold corpse, in that splendid hearse. Memory brought them back to that time four years ago, when within those walls whence his ashes had just been carried, with the glow of health on his face he received their congratulations on his election to the chair which he filled with such ability.

The various bodies of citizens having passed, comprising the last divisions, and exciting no great interest among the crowd, the end of the cortége drew nigh, and was terminated by the colored people, who attended in some numbers. The emancipation of the negro having been the great end and aim of our late lamented Chief Magistrate, for which he lived and for which he died, the appearance of this feature of the procession caused considerable excitement. A round of applause greeted them at various stages of their progress up Broadway, showing how universal the public feeling is to endorse the principles of him who now sleeps till the glorious morning of the resurrection.

It is worthy of notice that gay and showy colors did not find a place in the dress of our fair citizens. To their honor, be it spoken, the holier feelings of their nature outweighed all desire for display, and they combined to render the mourning universal. Mourning badges were also universally worn by both sexes. The procession having all passed the vast crowds separated quietly and departed to their homes.

INTERESTING INCIDENT.

After the funeral car had passed by Chambers street a large St. Bernard dog that was with his master, Mr. E. H. Morton, bounded forward and secured a position directly underneath the car. It appears Mr. Morton had, a short time since, brought his dog with him while paying a visit to the late President at Washington. The late Mr. Lincoln had patted the dog affectionately on the head, and it formed to take a peculiar fancy to him. This instance of the peculiar instinct of the dog is particularly worthy of notice.

DECORATIONS OF BROADWAY.

In addition to the decorations of Broadway which have been described at length in the HERALD, a number of new ones have been recently put up. We give the principal of them.

Barnum, not to be outdone in the way of making a show, has added another decoration on the front of his Museum, which for expressive design and artistic execution was equal, if not superior to any other decoration in the city. It represented an elevated bier, on which rested a superb coffin; on the pall covering the bier was the word "Lincoln," surrounded by rays; at the head of the coffin were two large candelabras, in each of which was a lighted taper. At the foot of the bier Columbia was represented as if genuflecting, and, while shading her face with one hand, is placing a laurel wreath on the coffin with the other. At one side, in the background, is a soldier, and on the other side a sailor (representing the army and navy), both bowed with grief.

On one of the columns between the doors of the store at 353 Broadway was a miniature monument, and immediately beneath the following:—

Just in the fulfillment of his executive appointments—judicious in the selection of his state co-workers—wise in the administration of his governmental functions—he has established a reputation for truth, wisdom and justice, as stable in its continuance as it was exalting in its realization.

At No. 247 was the motto:—

THE WORKMAN DIES, BUT THE WORK GOES ON.

Fairbank's scale depot was entirely covered with black.

At No. 303 a temporary framework was erected, which was covered with black, festooned and trimmed with white fringe and tassels, and on the top was an eagle, covered with crape, on either side of which was a small flag, also draped in mourning.

At No. 356 the handsome little monument which has been standing since shortly after the sad news arrived, was nicely trimmed with black crape.

At No. 372 was the following:—

Your cause of sorrow must not be measured by his worth; for then there would be no end.

At 429 was a large banner inscribed as follows:—

HIS DEEDS HAVE MADE HIS NAME IMMORTAL.

Then followed the lines of which our late President was so fond, commencing:—

Oh! why should the spirit of mortals be proud.

At 446 was the inscription:—

Let others hail the rising sun,
We bow to him whose race is run.

At 840 the following words appeared:—

The life, the right and truth of all this realm
Is fled to Heaven.

At Gimbrede's, under the Metropolitan Hotel, was a handsome monogram of A. L., and underneath the following:—

——He rose,
Till the plain tiller of the sod
Tower'd o'er his peers in mind and soul, a God.
The assassin's hand bestowed the martyr's crown,
And the wide, wide world now echoes his renown.
The insulted nation, bowed with bitterest grief,
Demands stern vengeance for her fallen chief.

At Stuyvesant Institute was the following motto:—

SEMPER HONOS, NOMENQUE TUUM,
LAUDESQUE MANEBUNT,

surrounding the name "Lincoln;" and opposite, on the armory of the Ninth regiment, was the following:—

Though the assassin has rendered inanimate the noble and generous heart, yet the spirit which God has called to Heaven still hovers around us, and its influence in the cause of Liberty and Union shall remain forever.

Immediately under this was a shield with the words—

"A time for weeping,
But vengeance is not sleeping."

Next door to the Institute were the following in white letters on a black ground:—

Statesman, yet friend to truth, of soul sincere;
In action faithful and in honor clear;
Who broke no promise, serv'd no private end;
Who gained no title and who lost no friend.

Thou art the ruins of the noblest man
That ever lived in the tide of time.
Woe to the hand that shed this costly blood.

At Gurney's was the following tribute to the late President:—

Sleep, martyred hero, sleep!
Thy going to thy great and just reward,
Among the faithful and the good whose lives
Are stainless lines, hath left a gloom
Upon a nation's and a people's joy.
A silent city from its domes and towers,
With universal tears, flings out its signs of woe.
Great husbandman, though lost to us,
Thou yet had'st time to scatter far the seeds
Whose future fruit shall yet
Adorn the lines; and of thy tillage
Shall our annals speak
And make a record of thy deeds and name,
Eternal as our principle.

At 763 the black drapery over the windows was formed so as to leave a diamond shaped space, in which were the following words on a white ground:—

IN PERPETUAM REI MEMORIAM.

At 767 both windows were covered with black; on one was the following:—

A.
JUSTICE TO TRAITORS IS

—And on the other,—

L.
MERCY TO THE PEOPLE.

At 763 was the inscription:—

The good and great to God belong
Of every age and time;
Columbia hath her sacrifice
Laid on the hallowed shrine.
Slavery's tyrant chain is broke;
The swarthy bondman now is free;
A nation's chieftain lowly laid,
Eucharist of Liberty.

Between the stanzas was a likeness of the late President, and on either side a couplet of draped flags:—

On Stewart's upper store was an extra draping, hanging in heavy folds over the capitals of the columns of the main floor, caught up by large bows of black ribbon under white stars. The festooning on the upper portion of the building was more tastily finished that it had been, and all the lower columns on the front were entirely covered with black.

Brady's photographic gallery, immediately opposite Stewart's, was dressed profusely, yet appropriately. Between the windows of the upper story were the initials "A. L." surrounded by evergreens. Between the windows of the next floor below was a handsome American shield, on one side of which was a large white flag and on the other a black flag, both festooned so as to hang below the point of the shield, and seemed almost imperceptibly to be mingled with a voluminous draping of funereal colors which fell in graceful folds on either side of a fine portrait of the lamented President, which stood between the windows of the next floor. Below this portrait were these words of Mr. Lincoln:—

WITH MALICE TOWARD NONE;
WITH CHARITY TO ALL.

The spaces between the windows of the second floor were entirely covered with black, the monotony of which was relieved by a large bow and streamer of white ribbons.

Among other interesting facts we may mention that Brady, the celebrated photographic artist of this city, took some excellent views of the funeral car as it passed slowly along, with all the surrounding scenes of interest. From the windows of his gallery the very best opportunity was offered to his artists to accomplish this work in the most complete style of art.

On the northwest corner of Twelfth street a scroll bore this inscription:—

A glorious career of service and devotion is crowned with a martyr's death.

Next door to the above was the following, on a white ground:—

Well done, thou good and faithful servant.

At 823 was a scroll with this inscription:—

BARBARISM OF SLAVERY,
CAN BARBARISM FURTHER GO?

In the window of 841 was a statuette of the Goddess of Liberty holding an American flag, surrounded by most ample folds of black and white.

The Cortege Passing Union Square.

The grand cortége, as viewed from the balconied parlors of the Maison Dorée, seemed to have no model in history. It was prodigious in magnitude and perplexing to ordinary conception. A broad panorama of varied life, in miscellaneous attire, panoplied and armed, with all the paraphernalia and bannerial emblems of a thousand organizations, rolled on like successive waves through miles of thoroughfare, banked by continuous columns of the populace, and teeming with the drapery of grief and death. No age, ancient or modern, has witnessed a more sublime and magnificent tribute to the memory of the Cæsars of the world than was embodied in the spectacle. In all its aggregate elements the republic seemed to set forth a tithe of its representative strength to create the wonder, if not the awe, of all the earth.

Union square has long since become historical—the scene of the alternate humiliation and glory of our arms—where the people vowed, before mankind and Heaven, that the bloody, but quixotic attempt to destroy popular government should be amply avenged, and that crime should be the limits of liberty. It now looms up as one of the great landmarks of the war. The plains drenched with gore from the Potomac to the Gulf, and the ignoble flight of the chieftain of the rebellion, laden with booty, proclaim that these vows have been fulfilled.

But to the spectacle. To what shall we liken it? The countless legions which fell in the wake of the Roman eagles, as they passed for three days before purpled emperors of the seven-hilled city and cast their treasures and their homage at his feet—the celebrations of military conquests and the peaceful triumphs of science and art—the mighty assemblages which start in an hour from their homes in holiday attire and crowd the cities of the world to commemorate some religious or secular feat in Christendom—the great gathering who sung the glories of a still-born republic nearly a score of years since, while its President was transformed into an emperor quicker than the butterfly can emerge from the aurelia—the ever teeming population of the Orient as they march in bombastic triumph before the repulsive divinities of their worship—all, one and all of these never combined the constituent elements and the moral grandeur of the wonderful exhibition, the moving acres of men who occupied nearly five hours in their march before the Maison Dorée on Tuesday.

THE POPULACE FORMING LINES.

Union square is specially appropriate for sight seeing. Its broad area can accommodate tens of thousands, and it combines the rare advantage of a dozen streets and avenues of exit, through which the wearied spectator can take refuge at his option by returning to his home. Hence it attracted a vast multitude on Tuesday, who, under the direction of the police, skirted either side of the pathway through which the funeral cortége was to pass. The scene presented in the square was of an extraordinary character. No previous event attracted such a cosmopolitan concourse. Every spot where the foot could stand on any elevated position was seized in advance. Women and children flocked to the stoops. Domes and parapets, all the stories of every mansion and hotel, from basement to garret tiers, were occupied. Portions of the crowd, in their haste, had climbed the weak pines which intersect the Park, and mounted its railings and the cars which were obliged to cease travel and accumulate within a score of yards from the main throng. Even the roofs held large audiences, principally composed of domestics and their friends, who leaned over the steep gables and endeavored to identify some popular device or organization below. This strange scene, mingled with all the incidents of shrouded colors, mortuary legends and tributes to the memory of the great man whose death called them forth, was novel, solemn, peculiar and peerless.

TESTIMONIAL TO THE DEAD.

Nearly opposite the Spingler House a new testimonial, temporarily deposited, commanded general notice. The space which it occupies is about ten or twelve feet square, and a railing, of the rustic order—partially Gothic in shape—surrounds it. It resembles a miniature monument, the pedestal and the column being of the ordinary model. On the former appears the name—now too famous to be preceded by initials—

LINCOLN.

The panels of the pedestal bear appropriate sentences. On the first is the adieu to the departed:—

GOOD NIGHT!
AND
FLIGHTS OF ANGELS
SING THEE
TO THY REST!

The marble next this has the words of the late President:—

WITH MALICE TOWARDS NONE;
WITH CHARITY FOR ALL.

On the third is the inscription:—

THERE'S A GREAT SPIRIT GONE!

On the last panel is the quotation from Shakspere:—

His life was gentle, and the elements
So mixed in him, that nature might stand up
And say to all the world—
This was a man.

From the base of the column above the panels four beautiful wreaths of immortelles, inlaid with crosses of jet, were suspended, giving grace and finish to the testimonial. On this site a fitting monument to the memory of the assassinated chieftan will be raised.

THE SCENE FROM THE MAISON DOREE.

A neighboring clock strikes one. A salute like a single peal of thunder is heard, and the whole line, which had preserved its level patiently for three hours, vibrates to and fro, with the instinctiveness that the head of the procession had moved. Now the spectators eagerly prepare to view the exhibition. Everything that impeded their view was removed, and the general gaze was directed to the junction round which the cortége was to proceed.

In the banquet hall of the mansion the lady friends of the committee who inaugurated the subsequent demonstration are wondering at the broken column which rests pensively at the foot of the rostrum, which was destined to bring forth the millennial novelty of a service in which every denomination, Hebrew and Christian, radical and orthodox, was to participate. The shattered column creates curiosity; but the figures of Liberty and Hope beneath it furnish no clue to the solution. It had a profound alliance with the sprigs of cassia of the phalanx of Masons, whose respectable appearance might be the best advocate of their Order. The broken column denoted that one member of the great human circle had fallen, and that his brethren were thus reminded of his death.

Half an hour has passed, and the advance guard of the cortége—a section of the Broadway squad—files round the square with the dress and momentum for which they are noted. Almost giants in size, they were fit pioneers of the mighty columns which followed in their wake. Now troop after troop of cavalry succeeds each other, the sounds of their prancing steeds only to be the accompaniment of the sorrowful notes, the dirges and the funeral marches of military bands. Next is heard the shrill notes of the fife and the sounds of kettle drums, muffled and subdued, and in antipodal contrast to the spirit-stirring airs of which they are occasionally the instruments. Here marches the fragment of a regiment in Zouave costume, with its veteran ranks reduced almost to a corporal's guard, and its torn and bullet-pierced colors flaunting proudly on the breeze. There are the moving battalions of Highlanders, with their carbines glittering in the sunlight. Anon comes the gray-uniformed Seventh, marching with a dread which could only be likened to a propelled plane. Now with a quick step, in the wake of a few commands, the great arm of the service which imitates heaven's artillery, rushes past, with mounted caissons, the iron and brazen throats of their ordnance drooping to the earth, muffled with crape. Grenadiers, in tall fur chapeaus, file past with measured steps, which keep time to the solemn notes of the "Dead March in Saul," and the military chain is continued by a brilliant host of cavalry, ten abreast, whose steeds become restless by the sounds of the minute guns from the north side of the square. Half-past two has arrived. A halt is ordered. The procession is knotted by its own numerical labyrinths; but a courier rides along the line and it moves again. During the pause, however, a brief conception of the numbers which had passed was realized. But the military lines have not yet been exhausted, and the solid battalions of the people, rank and file, are to come, and, counted by no enrolments or martial attire, they will form a gigantic phalanx, before which the serried ranks which preceded them will become a mere advance guard. Now the approach of the escort of honor announces that the honored corpse will soon pass through the square, and in a few moments a magnificent funeral car—one of the grandest temples in which death ever was enshrined—is drawn by nearly a score of spirited horses, caparisoned in sable, while numerous regiments present arms along the lines in token of their respect. The moving canopy of jetty velvet and beautiful silver lace calls out unlimited observation and pity for the dreadful fate of the beneficent chief whom it was conveying to the house of death.

The remainder of the cortége was principally civic in its character. The Masonic and Odd Fellow brotherhoods, the league clubs and the literary societies represented by the Century and Athenæum clubs, the temperance organizations and the Irish societies, marched with solemn and stately tread to the music of dirges and funeral hymns.

The Irish organizations, like the Masonic fraternity and the Odd Fellows, are justly entitled to special honor for the appearance they presented. With banners containing patriotic legends and tokens of their devotion to the country, and a display of brilliant regalia in green and gold, they called forth general commendation from the spectators along the line of route. One of the Celtic societies carried a beautiful miniature monument, inscribed with the name "Lincoln" on the pedestal. In the shaft was set a clock, the hands of which were stopped at twenty minutes past seven—the time which witnessed the expiring breath of the President. This tribute had more than an ordinary signification. It is a Celtic and Castilian custom of the present day to stop a clock the moment a relative or friend departs in the house, as a token that time for the deceased had closed forever, and that eternity had been opened to his view. This explanation shows the force and grace of this beautiful emblem. Now the whole procession has passed, and as it flies up the Fifth avenue it seems like a huge shadow rising and falling as the measured cadences of breathing, till it is lost in its own immensity.

Fifth Avenue and Madison Square.

Nowhere along the route of the procession, perhaps, was the effect of the pageant so sublimely grand as when it wheeled around the corner of Fourteenth street into Fifth avenue. The aristocracy turned out en masse, and lined their favorite thoroughfare from Delmonico's to Thirty-sixth street so as to render locomotion on the part of the pedestrian anything but an easy task. The windows, stoops and even the roofs of the palatial mansions were crowded with the élite and beauty of the metropolis, while the court yards and sidewalks were taken possession of by the more democratic portion of the community west of Seventh and Eighth avenues.

The crowd commenced to assemble about nine o'clock, and by noon every available spot along the thoroughfare was occupied. It is estimated that over one hundred thousand persons obtained a view of the procession from this standpoint, and we are inclined to think the calculation is correct; for such a mass of heads we never saw in all our experience. The Prince of Wales gathering was large enough, but it bore no comparison to the vast throng which had gathered from all quarters of the city to witness the funeral of our lamented and honored President.

Almost every house was draped in mourning, and the national ensign was displayed at half-mast wherever it was possible to hang out bunting. The dwelling on the southeast corner of Fifteenth street was especially noted for the extent of its mourning; also 96 on the opposite corner. No. 81, near the corner of Sixteenth street, was one mass of crape from the roof to the basement, and attracted general attention. On the southeast corner of Seventeenth street and Fifth avenue a tablet bearing the following inscription was suspended from the second story:—

The heart of the nation beats heavily at the portals of his tomb.

Farther on, the dwelling on the southeast corner of Eighteenth street attracted great attention. It was tastefully draped in mourning, but was chiefly conspicuous for a large wreath of flowers, in the centre of which were the initials of the illustrious dead.

The Union Club House, on the corner of Twenty-first street, was also draped in deep mourning, and displayed a large amount of bunting. At the corner of Twenty-second street was the inscription:—

And the Lord blessed
Abraham in all things.

And immediately underneath:—

Semper honor nomenque tuum
laudesque manebunt.

And also:—

Oh, earth, so full of dreary noise!
Oh, men, with wailing in your voice!
Oh, delved gold, the wailers heap!
Oh, war—oh, curse, that o'er it fall!
God makes a silence through you all,
And giveth His beloved sleep.

At 176 was a shield, on which was inscribed a cross, and underneath the words:—

MARTYR.
Monter au ciel.

On top of the porch of a house near Twenty-fifth street, on a platform draped in mourning, stood a large, beautifully sculptured vase of Italian marble, on which hung a laurel wreath.

The St. Germain, Fifth Avenue and Hoffman hotels were also appropriately draped with crape, and presented an impressive appearance. The windows and balconies of these establishments were crowded with ladies and children, while the stoops and sidewalks in front were taken possession of by the more sterner sex. Everywhere the anxiety of the people to see the procession was intense, and all agreed in pronouncing the display the greatest thing within the recollection of the oldest inhabitant.

Madison square was equally thronged, and the plot on which the Worth monument is erected was black with people, some of whom clambered up the sides of the structure in their eagerness to get a good view of the cortége as it passed on its way to the depot. Carriages, stages, drays and dry goods boxes were arranged at every point were a view of the procession could be obtained, and not a foot of elevation was left unpatronized.

The head of the procession reached Fifth avenue at a quarter past one o'clock, and slowly wended its way past Delmonico's corner. Inspector Carpenter and his mounted police had a hard task to clear the thoroughfare; but the effort was attended without any serious accident. Several ladies fainted and some children had their toes badly squeezed; but beyond this nothing occurred worthy of mention. The military display was much admired; but all eyes were strained to catch the first glimpse of the catafalque, which contained the remains of the martyr; and, although it did not make its appearance until three o'clock, the patience of the multitude was not relaxed in the least. A general uncovering of heads on the part of the male citizens along Fourteenth street announced the arrival of the funeral car, and as it wheeled into Fifth avenue the example was followed by the thousands assembled there.

For four hours the steady tread of the pageant resounded through the thoroughfare; but the interest of the spectators relaxed not. The people felt that it was the greatest display of modern times, and seemed unwilling to leave until the very last division had passed. Even then many a lingering glance was cast behind to catch a view of the receding column as it faded out of sight, and "became one of the things that were."

The Scene Along the End of the Route.

About one minute past one o'clock a salvo of artillery admonished the crowd, in deep reverberations, that the remains of the President were being conveyed to the funeral car, and the cortége was ready to move. The expectancy of the crowd now set in, but took no other form than certain mathematical calculations, in which space and velocity of large bodies were prominent features.

Shortly before two o'clock the head of the procession reached the vicinity of Twenty-sixth street—moving at common time to the mournful strains of a minor dirge. From this moment the crowd fell into an impressive stillness, and the thousands assembled within range of the eye were only known by a sea of human faces.

For fully one hour columns of troops—citizen soldiers, the pride and safety of the nation—the fellow citizens and reserves of the brave volunteers who have so nobly sustained our honor in the field—moved by with a heavy tread, eloquent with security to our constitution and death to traitors and assassins.

At three o'clock, the head having reached the depot, the column halted and formed in line facing to the west, to allow the funeral car and escort of mourners to pass. At half-past three the approach of the car bearing the honored remains of the immortal soul of the sixteenth President of the United States was made known by solemn refrains of bands and the muffled roll of martial drums. As it passed fresh bands and other drums caught up the melancholy notes, regiments brought their arms to a present, officers saluted with their swords and colors draped to the badges of mourning dipped before the last of the mortal man who, as the head of the nation, devoted and sacrificed his life to that constitution which has given a deep significance to the colors of the American republic. During the passing of the car the silence of the crowd was doubly profound. Not a voice, not a whisper, not a sound was heard, save the tumultuous heaving of sorrowed hearts, often poured out in irrepressible tears, or deep inspirations of souls full of sadness, and prayers for the perpetuation of the nation and the protection of the widow and orphan children of the deceased.

To gain a farewell look upon the coffin being the sole wish, mainly, of the laboring classes, after the funeral car had passed, and having followed it until lost in the dense mass of humanity and sheen of bayonets beyond, the crowd in a great measure dispersed. The municipal authorities and civic societies, which constituted the rear of the cortége, were, however, observed by a large number with unabated interest as part of the solemnity of the occasion. It was six o'clock before the last had passed. The crowd quickly and quietly dispersed, bearing upon their countenances evidences of an indelible impression of the solemn lesson of the day.

THE DEPARTURE FOR ALBANY.

Scenes at the Depot.

As early as nine o'clock the vicinity of the Hudson River Railroad depot, in Twenty-ninth street, between Ninth and Tenth avenues, was a cynosure of attraction. All the windows and house-tops fronting and overseeing the depot were crowded with eager gazers and anxious sightseers. The inhabitants of the neighborhood turned out in full force, and shortly before noon every approach to the depot was besieged with men, women and children, every one claiming to be a relative of some prominent railroad official, and therefore entitled to go into the depot. The railroad employes were having a somewhat laborious duty to perform, when, much to their relief, the police a few moments before twelve came on the scene and soon changed the aspect of affairs.

THE STREETS CLEARED.

Drill Captain Copeland was at the scene at noon, in command of two hundred and fifty men. Under his direction the police made a flank movement, and cleared Ninth and Tenth avenues and Twenty-ninth and Thirtieth streets. Every person on these streets not actually residing thereon was marched off, and the entire square was thus kept clear of all except the police and railroad officials.

THE DEPOT

entrances on Twenty-ninth street were all closed except the upper door through which the remains were to pass. Over each door was a canopy of American flags draped with crape. The platform was hung around with flags and was kept entirely clear. The roofs of the cars standing in the depot, and several of the empty cars, were filled with the employes and their families, who preserved throughout perfect quietness and order. About half-past three the

FUNERAL TRAIN

backed to the platform. It consisted of a pilot engine, locomotive and cars. The pilot engine was appropriately named Union. It was covered with the national colors draped in mourning; the house was panelled with crape, looped up with white rosettes, the top being covered with the American flag edged round with black crape.

The Hudson River Railroad Company had provided the locomotive, the usual baggage conveyance and six regular passenger cars, which, with the funeral car and General McCullum's car, made up a train of nine cars.

THE ENGINE

was a superb affair, called the Union. It was newly painted and handsomely decorated, under the supervision of William Buchanan, chief engineer, and the employes of the machine shop. On the pilot was a large flag with the inscription "Union," covered with black crape. In front of the smokestack and on the head light was a mammoth wreath of flowers of various hues and species presented to the company by Mr. Charles D. Levere. The handrail on each side from the pilot to the house was handsomely festooned with black and white crape, while the stads were surmounted with the national colors, draped in mourning, the bell and toll were enveloped in black, while the sand box was similarly decorated. The head light was medallioned with black cloth, surmounted by a large silver eagle. The top of the house was covered with mourning drapery, while on each side was a full length photograph of Mr. Lincoln, heavily framed, and draped with crape and beaded with silver eagles.

THE TENDER

was also appropriately decked. The lower panels were covered with black cloth, deeply bordered and looped up with massive black tassels. Along the centre pieces on both sides was a heavy frame work of black paramatto, with a moulding of rolled white ribbon; the entire decoration being bordered with thirteen silver eagles. Above this was a festooning of heavy black drapery, looped up with black and white ties.

THE BAGGAGE CAR

was heavily trimmed with mourning. Across each panel was a crossing of black and white cloth, medallioned with a white centre. The sills and edges were covered with fluted crape, edged with white.

The first car was used by the colored servants of the party. The second and third cars were used by the Congressional and Illinois delegations. All these cars were draped in plain black muslin. The fourth was

THE GOVERNOR'S CAR.

It was covered with black fluted cloth, heavily bordered and trimmed with white centres and black tassels. The exterior length of the car was covered with white and black cloth, wove into garlands and caught up with black bows and tassels. Over each door was a cornice of black cloth.

The fifth and sixth cars, used by the miscellaneous party, were decorated the same as the first. Following the sixth car came the one containing the remains. This was the same that had brought on the corpse from Washington, and which will convey the remains to Illinois. General McCullum's car brought up the rear. About ten minutes to four

THE FUNERAL ESCORT

rounded Ninth avenue into Twenty-ninth street in the following order:—

Mounted troop, Eighth regiment, New York.
Superintendent Kennedy.
Inspectors Carpenter and Leonard.
Broadway Squad.
Grand Marshal and Aids.
Grafulla's Band.
Seventh regiment.
General Dix and Guard of Honor, mounted.

Escort.	THE HEARSE.	Escort.

Naval officers.
The Mayor and Governor Fenton.
Carriages containing foreign representatives.
Color guard, Irish brigade.
General Dix's bodyguard.
Police.

The Seventh regiment marched on the sidewalk, and, forming into full battalion front, presented arms to the hearse as it passed by them.

The General and guard of honor dismounted at the second entrance and advanced to meet the catafalque, which had halted midway between the upper and lower entrance to the depot.

A staircase, with a top made so as to rest on the side of the catafalque, and reaching from the street, was then raised in position; the sergeants of the Invalid corps ascended it, and, raising the hearse, descended with their burden to the sidewalk. At this moment the guard presented arms and all the spectators uncovered. The hearse-bearers, preceded by General Dix, then marched through the entrance into the depot, where they were met by the guard of honor who escort the remains from Washington.

THE DEPARTURE.

The word was given, and the parties who were to accompany the remains entered the cars assigned to them. Governor Fenton, who remains with the corpse till Buffalo is reached, was accompanied by Generals Batchelier, Merritt, Harvey and Swain; Judges Davies and Porter, of the Court of Appeals; Messrs. Dawson and Cassidy, representing the press; Colonel L. L. Doty, Lieutenant Governor Alvord, with Senators D. A. Cole, W. F. Laimbeer and Robt. Christie, and Assemblyman S. P. Ingraham.

General Dix also formed one of the escort, and was accompanied by Colonel McMahon and Captain Lord, of his staff. At four o'clock precisely the pilot engine steamed out of the depot, and two minutes after, to the sound of a funeral dirge, the funeral train departed; and thus New York paid the last homage of respect to all that was mortal of Abraham Lincoln.

SERVICES AT UNION SQUARE.

A little after the time fixed upon for the commencement of the ceremonies at Union square the square itself, and the portions of the streets immediately converging on and diverging from it, presented a scene surpassing all previous displays therein. The march of the procession was so well-timed that those who were to be actors in the ceremonies set down for the close of the day's solemnities were enabled to take their places almost at the time laid down in the programme. At five o'clock the coup d'œil in the square was one of the grandest that could well be conceived. Regiment after regiment, on their return march, continued to pour past, the quick-step of the troops and the spirit-stirring strains of the bands being in striking and suggestive contrast to the slow and solemn tread and funeral notes which marked the passage of the same troops but a few minutes before. The evening sun shone brightly upon long polished lines of steel, and played with the gay pennons of the troops of lancers who successively passed down the streets contiguous to Union square. The platform erected for the ceremonies was placed just opposite the Maison Dorée. Round the platform a reverent mass of people were congregated, filling up the square in front and for considerable distances on either side.

Shortly after five o'clock the gentlemen of the committee entrusted with the closing ceremonies came upon the stand. Almost immediately afterwards

Ex-Governor King opened the proceedings by introducing the Rev. Dr. Tyng.

PRAYER BY REV. DR. TYNG.

Rev. STEPHEN H. TYNG (Episcopalian) was introduced, and offered up the prayer.

ORATION BY THE HON. GEO. BANCROFT.

A few words from the chairman introduced the orator of the occasion to the assemblage.

THE ORATION.

The Hon. George Bancroft then proceeded to deliver the following oration, during the delivery of which he was frequently applauded:—

Our grief and horror at the crime which has clothed the continent in mourning find no adequate expression in words and no relief in tears. The President of the United States of America has fallen by the hands of an assassin. Neither the office with which he was invested by the approved choice of a mighty people, nor the most simple hearted kindliness of nature, could save him from the fiendish passions of relentless fanaticism. The wailings of the millions attend his remains as they are borne in solemn procession over our great rivers, along the seaside, beyond the mountains, across the prairie, to their final resting place in the valley of the Mississippi. The echoes of his funeral knell vibrate through the world, and the friends of freedom of every tongue and in every clime are his mourners. Too few days have passed away since Abraham Lincoln stood in the flush of vigorous manhood to permit any attempt at an analysis of his character or an exposition of his career. We find it hard to believe that his large eyes, which in their softness and beauty expressed nothing but benevolence and gentleness, are closed in death; we almost look for the pleasant smile that brought out more vividly the earnest cast of his features, which were serious even to sadness. A few years ago he was a village attorney, engaged in the support of a rising family, unknown to fame, scarcely named beyond his neighborhood; his administration made him the most conspicuous man in his country, and drew on him first the astonished gaze, and then the respect and admiration of the world. Those who come after us will decide how much of the wonderful results of his public career is due to his own good common sense, his shrewd sagacity, readiness of wit, quick interpretation of the public mind; his rare combination of fixedness and pliancy; his steady tendency of purpose; how much to the American people, who, as he walked with them, side by side, inspired him with their own wisdom and energy; and how much to the overruling laws of the moral world, by which the selfishness of evil is made to defeat itself. But after every allowance, it will remain that members of the government which preceded his administration opened the gates to treason, and he closed them; that when he went to Washington the ground on which he trod shook under his feet, and he left the republic on a solid foundation; that traitors had seized public forts and arsenals, and he recovered them for the United States, to whom they belonged; that the capital, which he found the abode of slaves, is now the home only of the free; that the boundless public domain which was grasped at, and, in a great measure, held for the diffusion of slavery, is now irrevocably devoted to freedom; that then men talked a jargon of a balance of power in a republic between slave States and free States, and now the foolish words are blown away forever by the breath of Maryland, Missouri and Tennessee; that a terrible cloud of political heresy rose from the abyss threatening to hide the light of the sun, and under its darkness a rebellion was rising into indefinable proportions, now the atmosphere is purer than ever before, and the insurrection is vanishing away; the country is cast into another mould, and the gigantic system of wrong which had been the work of more than two centuries, is dashed down, we hope forever. And as to himself personally: he was then scoffed at by the proud as unfit for his station, and now against the usage of later years, and in spite of numerous competitors he was the unbiassed and the undoubted choice of the American people for a second term of service. Through all the mad business of treason he retained the sweetness of a most placable disposition, and the slaughter of myriads of the best on the battle field and the more terrible destruction of our men in captivity by the slow torture of exposure and starvation, had never been able to provoke him into harboring one vengeful feeling or one purpose of cruelty. How shall the nation most completely show its sorrow at Mr. Lincoln's death? How shall it best honor his memory? There can be but one answer. He was struck down when he was highest in its service, and in strict conformity with duty was engaged in carrying out principles affecting its life, its good name, and its relations to the cause of freedom and the progress of mankind. Grief must take the character of action, and breathe itself forth in the assertion of the policy to which he fell a sacrifice. The standard which he held in his hand must be uplifted again, higher and more firmly than before, and must be carried on to triumph. Above everything else, his proclamation of the first day of January, 1863, declaring throughout the parts of the country in rebellion the freedom of all persons who had been held as slaves, must be affirmed and maintained. Events, as they rolled onward, have removed every doubt of the legality and binding force of that proclamation. The country and the rebel government have each laid claim to the public service of the slave, and yet but one of the two can have a rightful claim to such service. That rightful claim belongs to the United States, because every one born on their soil, with the few exceptions of the children of travellers and transient residents, owes them a primary allegiance. Every one so born has been counted among those represented in Congress; every slave has ever been represented in Congress—imperfectly and wrongly it may be—but still has been counted and represented. The slave born on our soil always owed allegiance to the general government. It may in time past have been a qualified allegiance, manifested through his master, as the allegiance of a ward through its guardian or of an infant through its parent. But when the master became false to his allegiance the slave stood face to face with his country, and his allegiance, which may before have been a qualified one, became direct and immediate. His chains fell off, and he stood at once in the presence of the nation, bound, like the rest of us, to its public defence. Mr. Lincoln's proclamation did but take notice of the already existing right of the bondman to freedom. The treason of the master made it a public crime for the slave to continue his obedience; the treason of a State set free the collective bondmen of that State. This doctrine is supported by the analogy of precedents. In the times of feudalism the treason of the lord of the manor deprived him of his serfs; the spurious feudalism that existed among us differs in many respects from the feudalism of the middle ages; but so far the precedent runs parallel with the present case; for treason the master then, for treason the master now, loses his slaves. In the middle ages the sovereign appointed another lord over the serfs and the land which they cultivated; in our day the sovereign makes them masters of their own persons, lords over themselves. It has been said that we are at war, and that emancipation is not a belligerent right. The objection disappears before analysis. In a war between independent powers the invading foreigner invites to his standard all who will give him aid, whether bond or free, and he rewards them according to his ability and his pleasure with gifts or freedom; but when at peace he withdraws from the invaded country he must take his aiders and comforters with him; or if he leaves them behind, where he has no court to enforce his decrees, he can give them no security, unless it be by the stipulations of a treaty. In a civil war it is altogether different. There, when rebellion is crushed, the old government is restored, and its courts resume their jurisdiction. So it is with us; the United States have courts of their own that must punish the guilt of treason and vindicate the freedom of persons whom the fact of rebellion has set free. Nor may it be said that because slavery existed in most of the States when the Union was formed, it cannot rightfully be interfered with now. A change has taken place, such as Madison foresaw, and for which he pointed out the remedy. The constitutions of States had been transformed before the plotters of treason carried them away into rebellion. When the federal constitution was formed general emancipation was thought to be near, and everywhere the respective legislatures had authority, in the exercise of their ordinary functions, to do away with slavery. Since that time the attempt has been made in what are called slave States to make the condition of slavery perpetual; and events have proved, with the clearness of demonstration, that a constitution which seeks to continue a caste of hereditary bondmen through endless generations is inconsistent with the existence of republican institutions. So, then, the new President and the people of the United States must insist that the proclamation of freedom shall stand as a reality; and, moreover, the people must never cease to insist that the constitution shall be so amended as utterly to prohibit slavery on any part of our soil forevermore. Alas! that a State in our vicinity should withhold its assent to this last beneficent measure; its refusal was an encouragement to our enemies equal to the gain of a pitched battle, and delays the only hopeful method of pacification. The removal of the cause of the rebellion is not only demanded by justice; it is the policy of mercy, making room for a wider clemency; it is the part of order against a chaos of controversy; its success brings with it true reconcilement, a lasting peace, a continuous growth of confidence through an assimilation of the social condition. Here is the fitting expression of the mourning of to-day. And let no lover of his country say that this warning is uncalled for. The cry is delusive that slavery is dead. Even now it is nerving itself for a fresh struggle for continuance. The last words from the South waft to us the sad intelligence that a man, who had surrounded himself with the glory of the most brilliant and most varied achievements, who but a week ago was named with affectionate pride among the greatest benefactors of his country and the ablest generals of all time, has usurped more than the whole power of the executive, and under the name of peace has revived slavery and given security and political power to traitors from the Chesapeake to the Rio Grande. Why could he not remember the dying advice of Washington, never to draw the sword but for self defence or the rights of his country, and when drawn, never to sheath it till its work should be accomplished? And yet from this sad act, which the people with one united voice condemn, no great evil will follow save the shadow on his own fame. The individual, even in the greatness of military glory, sinks into insignificance before the resistless movements in the history of man. No one can turn back or stay the march of Providence. No sentiment of despair may mix with our sorrow. We owe it to the memory of the dead, we owe it to the cause of popular liberty throughout the world, that the sudden crime which has taken the life of the President of the United States shall not produce the least impediment in the smooth course of public affairs. This great city, in the midst of unexampled emblems of deeply seated grief, has sustained itself with composure and magnanimity. It has nobly done its part in guarding against the derangement of business or the slightest shock to public credit. The enemies of the republic put it to the severest trial, but the voice of faction has not been heard; doubt and despondency have been unknown. In our majesty the country rises in the beauty and strength and hope of youth, and proves to the world the quiet energy and the durability of institutions growing out of the reason and affections of the people. Heaven has willed it that the United States shall live. The nations of the earth cannot spare them. All the worn out aristocracies of Europe saw in the spurious feudalism of slaveholding their strongest outpost, and banded themselves together with the deadly enemies of our national life. If the Old World will discuss the respective advantages of oligarchy or equality; of the union of church and state, or the rightful freedom of religion; of land accessible to the many, or of land monopolized by an ever decreasing number of the few, the United States must live to control the decision by their quiet and unobtrusive example. It has often and truly been observed that the trust and affection of the masses gathers naturally round an individual; if the inquiry is made whether the man so trusted and beloved shall elicit from the reason of the people enduring institutions of their own, or shall sequester political power for a superintending dynasty, the United States must live to solve the problem. If a question is raised on the respective merits of Timoleon or Julius Cæsar, of Washington or Napoleon, the United States must be there to call to mind that there were twelve Cæsars, most of them the opprobrium of the human race, and to contrast with them the line of American Presidents. The duty of the hour is incomplete, our mourning is insincere, if while we [illegible]

The Weekly Herald.

JAMES GORDON BENNETT,
EDITOR AND PROPRIETOR.

OFFICE N. W. CORNER OF FULTON AND NASSAU-STS.

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Volume XXIX ..... No. 17

New York, Thursday, April 27, 1855.

NOTICE.

We have no agents connecting the country for subscribers. None are necessary. Subscriptions from clubs and individual subscribers, should be addressed to the Publisher, pertaining to be an agent for the Weekly Herald, should be treated as a common impostor. The club system has abolition of the agency system. It is safe and cheap.

THE SITUATION.

Judge Roger Brook, brother of Walter Brook, the nephew of President Lincoln, was arrested in Philadelphia, yesterday, and was brought to this city and to the Capital Prison.

Some of the rumors regarding the negotiations between General Harney and Johnston are given by our Indian correspondent. This dispatches show the Indians are in a state of great excitement, and the mission takes grounds the terms of surrender, which are not known to the public. The Indians are not satisfied with the treaty, and are determined to continue the war, unless the Government shall consent to let them go in another direction.

The opposing chiefs had changed their ground from Sioux to four miles from Sioux. It is said that Johnston has written to Harney to remember the terms conferred upon Gen. Scott, and solicited his application to have the Indians sent to the Sioux country, and to have the Indian agent, Mr. Lee, sent to the Sioux country, and to allow the Indians to go in peace and quietness to their new home.

The Sioux Indians are in a state of great excitement, and are determined to continue the war, unless they are permitted to go in another direction.

It is said that the terms of the surrender of the Indians will be given to the public, in a few days, when we will be able to give the terms of the surrender, which are, we understand, very favorable to the Indians.

The Indian Department, at Washington, has received a letter from Gen. Harney, in which he says, that he has made a treaty with the Indians, and that they have agreed to go to the Sioux country, and to allow the Indian agent, Mr. Lee, to be sent to the Sioux country, and to allow the Indians to go in peace and quietness to their new home.

The Sioux Indians are in a state of great excitement, and are determined to continue the war, unless they are permitted to go in another direction

Literature.

Abraham Lincoln.

A million weeps, and fall of woe
Mourn the dear man who lies in sleeping rest;
Where Victory is right was Affordable
While hope is blest believed his foe,
Where Mercy's hand is ever ready to bless
Where Freedom's energy shall ever reign the chosen
And of another a thousand graves
For mankind's redemption, and for freedom's sake

The Monarch of our country lies
Dead, dead, dead, and the sad tidings sad
Our Nation's loss, and the sorrow
And it is as on a watery
Fearful to see people weep and wail
Whose great sorrow and just hopes
Lost, lost, and lost, and a mighty cloud,
Our trembling stripes, our mighty cloud
Mourn, mourn, mourn, and the sorrow
Hold up on Freedom's sacred altar
Sacrifice of large light and dark black,
Sacrifice of large light and dark black,
Sacrifice of large light and dark black,
Sacrifice of large light and dark black,
Our nation's sorrow mourning

We fold in mourner much, God,
Our Nation's loss, and the sorrow mourn,
Our Nation's loss, and the sorrow mourn,
And thanks pray "Thy will be done"
Thou Lord, and with the Lord
And other such that thou art blessed
Thou art the Lord, and thou art blessed
Thou art the Lord, and thou art blessed.

Oh, great and good a man of God,
Thanks! pray, with thanks pray
Thou art the Lord, and thou art blessed,
Thou art the Lord, and thou art blessed,
Adieu, adieu, adieu, adieu, adieu,
And farewell, farewell, farewell,
Adieu, adieu, adieu, adieu, adieu,
A million weep, a million weep,

O, Thou Almighty, King of Kings,
Who rulest the universe, and
Stretch out Thy mercy hand and bring
Our Nation back to peace,
For oh! we beg, we pray, we pray,
Thou Kingdom of Thy precious Heaven,
Thou Lord, and with the Lord
Thou art the Lord, and thou art blessed.

And when our heart is bright and light
Thou art the Lord, and thou art blessed
We'll meet yonder in Thy Heaven
Thou art the Lord, and thou art blessed
Thou art the Lord, and thou art blessed
Thou art the Lord, and thou art blessed.

A million weep, a million weep,
Thou art the Lord, and thou art blessed.

A. ALMONDO DAYTON.

The Trial By Fire.

More than two centuries ago a young German, belonging to a poor and respectable family, entered Wittenberg for the purpose of studying foreign languages, in which branch of study he wished to perfect himself, and, subject, as he hoped, to his parents' kind, or some future day, to fill a professor's chair in one of the colleges already established in Germany. His name was Heinrich von Kopler. Tall, well formed, and handsome, Heinrich here among the gaiety of physical beauty, as he most did of intellectual culture, from among the hundreds of his beauty companions, often cooling their every heat by the superior mental energy of his mind and by the other. But while they cooked and drank here and pursued their study and pleasure, Heinrich, by and their voluntary, daytime theology, Heinrich was abandoned to the study of the Hebrew language beyond them all, outstripping his teachers, and exciting wonder and admiration in the young men. Looked at this gloaming on a bright which they found it very difficult to do.

Heinrich's window, in the fourth story of Madam Wiener's house, showed a twinkling light every night, the reflection of the light, and the same brilliant flame, which, in the years before Jesus, was always sent by Hebrewman was just going home from his night's work. He seldom went home, but spent his numerous companions and brilliant conversations through a great part of the night. Madam Wiener, whenever he was inclined to make one of a party, always received him with a smile, and, with good nature and respectability of the Von Kopler, would gladly have welcomed the handsome and talented student to a quiet evening with her young a Julia, Caroline, or Bertha would have gladly have welcomed the handsome

THE NEW ADMINISTRATION.

Important Speeches of President Johnson.

His Policy Towards the Rebel Leaders.

Treason the Highest Crime Known in Law.

NO STATE OUT OF THE UNION.

A Regular Cromwellian Treatment of Traitors, the Slaveholding Aristocracy and Slavery in the Work of Reconstruction, &c., &c., &c.

President Johnson, during the last few days, has been kept busy day and night in receiving, not only the diplomatic corps and the officers of the army and navy, Governors of States and State delegations, but innumerable civic associations of minor importance.

It is all right and proper that these calls should be made upon the President, but each one seems to be afflicted with a mania for speech making. Hence we have daily a dozen speeches made to the President, and as many replies from him, many of them long enough for a regular oration. To report in full all the proceedings on each of these occasions would fill two or three newspapers with reading matter, interesting only to those immediately participating. The fact is apparent here that the speech making to the President by society committees has been vastly overdone.

VISIT OF THE DIPLOMATIC CORPS TO THE PRESIDENT.

WASHINGTON, April 20, 1865.

The members of the diplomatic corps called upon President Johnson, at his rooms in the Treasury building ...

VISIT OF THE OHIO DELEGATION TO THE PRESIDENT.

THE PRESIDENT'S REPLY.

VISIT OF THE INDIANA DELEGATION TO THE PRESIDENT.

WASHINGTON, April 21, 1865.

VISIT OF SOUTHERN REFUGEES TO THE PRESIDENT.

WASHINGTON, April 24, 1865.

... from our land—(applause)—when again law and order shall reign, and the banner of our country be unfurled over every inch of territory within the area of the United States. (Applause.) In conclusion, let me thank you most profoundly for this encouragement and manifestation of your regard and respect, and assure you that I can give no greater assurance regarding the settlement of this question than that I intend to discharge my duty, and in that way which shall, in the earliest possible hour, bring back peace to our distracted country. And I hope the time is not far distant when our people can all return to their homes and firesides and resume their various avocations.

GRANT.

The Last of Lee's Army Disbanded.

The Whole Number Paroled Twenty-six Thousand One Hundred and Fifteen.

Estimate of War Material Surrendered, &c., &c., &c.

Mr. L. A. Hendrick's Despatch.

HEADQUARTERS, FIFTH ARMY CORPS,
NEAR APPOMATTOX COURT HOUSE, April 14, 1865.

THE CLOSING OF THE PAROLE OF LEE'S MEN.

The last of the surrendered army left yesterday. Most of them went away in straggling squads. General Anderson's brigade, however, remained till the last, and went away in a body. And thus has disappeared the proud Army of Northern Virginia.

OFFICIAL REPORT OF CAPTURED MEN AND WAR MATERIAL.

The official report of the number of men paroled and cannon, &c., surrendered, has just been made out, and is as follows:—

Paroled prisoners	26,115
Small arms	15,918
Cannon	159
Colors	71
Wagons, caissons, &c., about	1,100
Horses and mules	4,000

No official report of the two latter items has yet been made, but I give the figures they are most generally placed at. As to the paroled prisoners, from first to last, there have been most astonishing variances as to the number. At first it was reported we got but twelve thousand prisoners. This report was given me by the commissioners appointed to carry out the stipulations of the surrender. Then the number hopped up to thirty-five thousand. As the case stands, several thousand have gone away without being paroled. It was starvation with many to remain, and they were accordingly allowed to go. Our army was short of rations, and although all the rations that could be spared were given them, there was not enough for all.

STONEMAN.

KNOXVILLE, Tenn., April 24, 1865.

Among the trophies of General Stoneman's expedition are twelve battle flags and banners, and one old United States flag found in the house of a loyal citizen at Salisbury.

The famous pen, where many unfortunate Union prisoners pined their lives away, was burned to the ground. A few United States prisoners were found, skeletons of their former selves. Almost all of them died on their way to Knoxville. They preferred to die under the Stars and Stripes than be left in the loathsome hospitals of Salisbury.

TERRIBLE COLLISION ON THE POTOMAC.

The Steamer Black Diamond Sunk—Sixty Soldiers and Four Sailors Drowned.

BALTIMORE, April 26, 1865.

Yesterday morning, at half-past twelve o'clock, the side-wheel steamer Massachusetts, Capt. Couch, bound down to Fortress Monroe, with a load of soldiers, the greater part of whom were exchanged and paroled prisoners, collided with a steamer named the Black Diamond ...

SHERMAN.

Suspension of Hostilities Agreed Upon Between Sherman and Johnston.

An Agreement for a Basis of Peace Entered into Between Them.

The Terms Disapproved of by President Johnson and His Cabinet.

General Grant Gone to North Carolina to Direct Operations Against Johnston.

General Sherman Aware of the Assassination of Mr. Lincoln Before the Conclusion of the Conference.

Johnston Originally Proposed to Surrender on the Terms Allowed Lee.

Jeff. Davis Said to Have Written the Terms of the Proposed Surrender, &c., &c., &c.

Secretary Stanton to Major General Dix.

WAR DEPARTMENT,
WASHINGTON, April 22, 1865.

Major General JOHN A. DIX, New York:—

Yesterday evening a bearer of despatches arrived from General Sherman.

An agreement for a suspension of hostilities, and a memorandum of what is called a basis for peace, had been entered into on the 18th instant by General Sherman with the rebel General Johnston. The rebel General Breckinridge was present at the conference. ...

EDWIN M. STANTON, Secretary of War.

Our Special Washington Despatch.

WASHINGTON, April 27, 1865.

for approval. It is well known that Mr. Lincoln could have made peace at Fortress Monroe if he would have entertained such terms as those proposed by General Sherman. The President and his Cabinet, as well as General Grant, were mortified and astonished at the receipt of such proposals, and General Grant started without an hour's delay to remedy, if possible, the damage to the Union cause which was likely to occur from General Sherman's ill-advised and inconsiderate action. The general impression is that the object of Johnston, who must have been well assured that the government would never give its assent to the propositions, was to obtain time to enable Jeff. Davis and the leaders to escape before finally surrendering his army.

WASHINGTON, April 24, 1865.

General Sherman's virtual surrender to General Johnston continues to be the leading topic of conversation here. Thus far but one individual has been known to express approval of his extraordinary course.

It is authoritatively known here that General Sherman knew, days before the terms were signed by him, of the assassination of President Lincoln, which renders his course the more extraordinary and inexcusable in the opinion of the administration. The opinion is publicly and charitably expressed, that it must have been done under a temporary absence of mind which unfitted him to deal with such shrewd tricksters as Jeff. Davis and Breckinridge, whose earmarks are plainly visible in the whole of the disgraceful document.

A letter from an officer of General Sherman's army, received here to-day, says:—"The feeling in this army is that of disgust over the result of the recent conference between General Sherman and the rebel commander. The exact condition of affairs is not yet fully understood by the rank and file; but the more intelligent of the officers understand the purport of the programme, as laid down in the agreement entered into between the commander of a victorious army of sixty-five or seventy thousand men and the leader of a worsted and demoralized force of less than one-third its numbers. We all feel ourselves disgraced and degraded. At any time within the last two weeks we could have captured and annihilated Johnston's force."

Memorandum of Agreement Between General Sherman and General Johnston.

WASHINGTON, April 22, 1865.

As reports have been in circulation for some time of a correspondence between Generals Johnston and Sherman, the memorandum or basis of what was agreed upon between these two generals and the results is as follows:—

MEMORANDUM.

Memorandum or basis of agreement made this eighteenth day of April, A. D. 1865, near Durham's station, and in the State of North Carolina, by and between General Joseph E. Johnston, commanding the Confederate army, and Major-General William T. Sherman, commanding the army of the United States in North Carolina; both present:

First.—The contending armies now in the field to maintain their *statu quo* until notice is given by the commanding General of either one to its opponent, and reasonable time, say forty-eight hours, allowed.

Second.—The Confederate armies now in existence to be disbanded and conducted to their several State capitals; there to deposit their arms and public property in the State arsenal, and each officer and man to execute and file an agreement to cease from acts of war and abide the action of both State and federal authorities. The number of arms and munitions of war to be reported to the Chief of Ordnance at Washington city, subject to future action of the Congress of the United States, and in the meantime to be used solely to maintain peace and order within the borders of the States respectively.

Third.—The recognition by the Executive of the United States of several State governments, on their officers and Legislatures taking the oath prescribed by the constitution of the United States, and where conflicting State governments have resulted from the war, the legitimacy of all shall be submitted to the Supreme Court of the United States.

Fourth.—The re-establishment of all federal courts in the several States with powers as defined by the constitution and laws of Congress.

Fifth.—The people and inhabitants of all States to be guaranteed, so far as the Executive can, their political rights and franchises, as well as their rights of person and property, as defined by the constitution of the United States and of States respectively.

Sixth.—The Executive authority of the government of the United States not to disturb any of the people by reason of the late war so long as they live in peace and quiet, abstain from acts of armed hostility, and obey laws in existence at any place of their residence.

Seventh.—In general terms war to cease; a general amnesty, so far as the executive power of the United States can command, or on condition of disbandment of the Confederate armies, and the distribution of arms and resumption of peaceful pursuits by officers and men as hitherto composing the said armies, not being fully empowered by our respective principals to fulfil these terms we individually and officially pledge ourselves to promptly obtain necessary authority and to carry out the above programme.

W. T. SHERMAN, Major General.
Commanding the Army of the United States in North Carolina.

J. E. JOHNSTON, General.
Commanding Confederate States Army in North Carolina.

This proceeding of General Sherman was unapproved, for the following, among other reasons:—

First—It was an exercise of authority not vested in General Sherman, and on its face shows that both he and Johnston knew that he (General Sherman) had no authority to enter into any such arrangement.

Second—It was a practical acknowledgment of the rebel government.

Third—It undertook to re-establish the rebel State governments, that had been overthrown at the sacrifice of many thousand loyal lives and an immense treasure, and placed arms and munitions of war in the hands of the rebels at their respective capitals, which might be used as soon as the armies of the United States were disbanded, and used to conquer and subdue the loyal States.

Fourth—By the restoration of the rebel authority in their respective States they would be enabled to re-establish slavery.

Fifth—It might furnish a ground of responsibility on the federal government to pay the rebel debt, and certainly subjects loyal citizens of the rebel States to the debt contracted by the rebels in the name of the State.

Sixth—It put in dispute the existence of loyal State governments and the new State of West Virginia, which had been recognized by every department of the United States government.

Seventh—It practically abolished the Confiscation laws, and relieved rebels of every degree, who had slaughtered our people, from all pains and penalties for their crimes.

Eighth—It gave terms that had been deliberately, repeatedly and solemnly rejected by President Lincoln, and better terms than the rebels had ever asked in their most prosperous condition.

Ninth—It formed no basis of true and lasting peace, but relieved rebels from the pressure of our victories, and left them in condition to renew their effort to overthrow the United States government, and subdue the loyal States, whenever their strength was recruited and any opportunity should offer.

General Sherman's Order Announcing a Suspension of Hostilities.

FORTRESS MONROE, April 22, 1865.

The following important order of General Sherman was received here this morning:—

SPECIAL FIELD ORDER—NO. 58.
HEADQUARTERS, MILITARY DIVISION OF THE MISSISSIPPI, IN THE FIELD, RALEIGH, N. C., April 19, 1865.

The General commanding announces to the army a suspension of hostilities and an agreement with General Johnston and high officials, which, when formally ratified, will make peace from the Potomac to the Rio Grande. Until the absolute peace is arranged a line passing through Tyrrell's Mount, Chapel Hill University, Durham's station and West Point, on the Neuse river, will separate the two armies. Each army commander will group his camps entirely with a view to comfort, health and good police. All the details of military discipline must still be maintained; and the General hopes and believes that in a very few days it will be his good fortune to conduct you all to your homes.

The fame of this army for courage, industry and discipline is admitted all over the world. Then let each officer and man see that it is not stained by any act of vulgarity, rowdyism or petty crime. The cavalry will patrol the front of the line. General Howard will take charge of the district from Raleigh up to the cavalry; General Slocum to the left of Raleigh, and General Schofield in Raleigh, its right and rear. Quartermasters and commissaries will keep their supplies up to a light load for the wagons, and the railroad superintendent will arrange a depot for the convenience of each separate army. By order of

Major General W. T. SHERMAN.
L. M. DAYTON, Assistant Adjutant General.

The Newbern Despatch.

NEWBERN, N. C., April 22, 1865.

A great meeting convenes this afternoon in the church situated in the ancient graveyard of the city, to give public expression of the sorrow caused by the sad death of the President. The members of the North Carolina Legislature are here to participate in the mournful proceedings.

The Raleigh *Standard* and the Raleigh *Progress*, which are still conducted by their former editors, appear in mourning and pay touching tributes to the memory of the departed President. They call him the best friend of the South, and pronounce his death a far greater blow to the South than to the North.

After restoring this State to the Union, the first act of her Legislature, which is soon to assemble, will be to ratify the constitutional amendment abolishing slavery, which will be in accordance with the prediction made last winter by the editors of the *Standard* and the *Progress*.

General Sherman's army is quietly camped a few miles west of Raleigh, waiting the result of the terms offered by the rebel authorities to General Sherman, which have been sent to Washington for ratification. Most of General Sherman's army expected to be mustered out of the service shortly or to receive a furlough to go home and remain there until they are wanted.

General Sherman's Order Announcing the President's Death.

SPECIAL FIELD ORDER—NO. 56.
HEADQUARTERS, MILITARY DIV. OF THE MISSISSIPPI, IN THE FIELD, RALEIGH, April 17, 1865.

The General commanding announces with pain and sorrow that on the evening of the 14th inst., at the theatre, in Washington city, his Excellency the President of the United States, Mr. Lincoln, was assassinated by one who uttered the State motto of Virginia. At the same time the Secretary of State, Mr. Seward, while suffering from a broken arm, was also stabbed by another murderer, in his own house, but still survives, and his son was wounded, supposed fatally.

It is believed by persons capable of judging, that other high officers were designed to share the same fate. Thus it seems that our enemy, despairing of meeting us in manly warfare, begins to resort to the assassin's tools. Your General does not wish you to infer that this is universal, for he knows that the great mass of the Confederate army would scorn to sanction such acts; but he believes it the legitimate consequence of rebellion against rightful authority. We have met every phase which this war has assumed, and must now be prepared for it in its last and worst shape, that of assassins and guerillas; but woe unto the people who seek to expend their wild passions in such a manner for there is but one dread result.

By order of Major General W. T. SHERMAN.
L. M. DAYTON, Major and Assistant Adjutant General.

Mr. James C. Fitzpatrick's Despatch.

RALEIGH, N. C., April 19, 1865.

THE FIRST PROPOSITION

from General Johnston was made on Sunday last, as the troops of General Sherman were about breaking camp to advance upon him. The note stated his desire to know what terms would be granted in case of his surrender. General Sherman wrote in reply that negotiations could be arranged by a personal interview, that a correspondence by letter would waste time, and therefore he proposed a meeting on the next day, between the lines of the two armies. If there was a sincere wish on the part of General Johnston to make peace it could readily be accomplished.

The meeting took place on the next day, at a house on the side of the road, about five miles beyond Durham's Station, a place on the Raleigh and Greensboro road, now vested with peculiar historical interest. Both Generals were accompanied by their staffs and escorts. The meeting was attended with the utmost courtesy. After a few minutes spent in casual conversation, Generals Sherman and Johnston both entered the house, and there alone had the first conference. What transpired has not been made known beyond rumor. It is understood, however, that General Johnston wished to surrender, not only his own immediate command, but, speaking for the confederate authorities, the whole armed forces of the rebellion. It was also his wish to know what terms would be yielded the members of the confederate executive. *General Sherman refused to recognize the authorities of any such government, but was prepared to treat with* General Johnston as an officer of the insurgent forces.

THE SECOND MEETING

took place yesterday noon. General Johnston was accompanied by John C. Breckinridge, whose *status* during the conference was recognized only as that of a Major General of the insurgent forces, and not as Secretary of War. The conference lasted until four o'clock in the afternoon, when the commanding generals separated. A cessation of hostilities was agreed upon, and certain propositions made for the entire submission of the rebels to the United States government. What these propositions are we do not know in detail. They are a secret for the present, and await assent and ratification at Washington. As far as the terms have been made public by current report, they are as follows:—

A complete and unreserved submission of the forces of the rebellion.

The acknowledgment of the authority of the United States everywhere throughout the limits of the insurrection.

The troops of each State to march to their respective capitals, there to deliver to an officer of the United States selected for the purpose all arms and implements of war.

Other propositions are embraced in the agreement referring to the disposition to be made of the rebel civil authorities.

Jeff. Davis is said to have been near the place of conference, and that constant communication was had with him by Johnston. *In fact, it is stated that the terms submitted by the latter were at his dictation.*

During the conference the staff officers on either side entered into earnest conversation. Regret was universally expressed by the rebel officers *at the assassination of the President*, Breckinridge going so far as to say that Mr. Lincoln was the best friend the South ever had. He also said that the constitutional amendment abolishing slavery was perfectly just.

The rejoicings in Raleigh are exuberant. The glad day of peace is believed to have arrived at last, and all hail it with delight.

Mr. E. D. Westfall's Despatch.

RALEIGH, N. C., April 20, 1865.

THE CONFERENCE WITH JOE JOHNSTON.

General Sherman has had two conferences with Joe Johnston respecting the surrender of all the rebels in the latter's department. They were held at Durham station, on the North Carolina Railroad, eighteen miles from this town. Johnston's army is at Chapel Hill, a few miles beyond Durham's. Kilpatrick's cavalry command is the only Union force in that vicinity, the balance of Sherman's army being in and around Raleigh.

Negotiations commenced on the 16th, when Johnston sent a letter of inquiry to Sherman for terms, stating that he was ready to surrender his army on similar terms to those given Lee by Grant, and asking our chief to communicate with the government at Washington and get such terms. General Sherman replied that *such delay was unnecessary; he was fully empowered to act; was ready and anxious to close out the* balance of the rebel stock according to Grant's schedule. A conference at Durham station on the morning of the 18th was the result. General Sherman with all his staff, in their holiday costume, with some wine and cigars, were transported by rail to Durham's, thence on horses to a little farm house two miles upon the road to Chapel Hill. Sherman and Johnston were closeted three hours and nobody knows the result of the conversation. It was remarked, however, that the General was in very good spirits when the party returned to this city at night. *The news of President Lincoln's assassination had reached him before his starting* in the morning, and many thought it would influence him unfavorably toward peaceable settlement. The intelligence was communicated to Johnston and his officers, and was received by them with sentiments of honest and profound regret. Even the rebels of Joe Johnston's army had come to admire Mr. Lincoln's honesty and straightforwardness. They will deplore his absence in the settlement of these difficulties as much as any in our army.

KILPATRICK AND WADE HAMPTON HAVE A QUARREL.

Wade Hampton reclined on a bench in front of the farm house, while Generals Sherman and Johnston consulted inside. Major General Barry (Sherman's Chief of Artillery), and General Kilpatrick approached Hampton for friendly converse. The South Carolina cavalryman presented a very frigid surface to both, and General Barry left him. Kilpatrick, however, commenced a conversation with him, which finally resulted in a wrangle. The deeds and merits of their respective commands were warmly discussed. Each indulged in reminiscences of thrashings he had given the other, and each desired nothing more than that the settlement of the whole thing should be left to the cavalry in a fair fight. The contagion spread among the respective cavalry staffs, and these gentlemen parted with no increased love for each other. This was the only incident that occurred to mar the harmony of the meeting on the first day. It is consoling to reflect that this bitter feeling is confined to the cavalry of both armies. The prospects for bloody times are dim.

THE SECOND INTERVIEW.

Yesterday General Sherman went out to Durham's again, returning late at night. The report is now that not only Johnston's army, but all the armies of the confederacy are to be surrendered. John C. Breckinridge appeared in behalf of Jeff. Davis, and made propositions which, if accepted by the government at Washington, will, it is understood, bring about that desirable result. Major Hitchcock, of General Sherman's staff, has gone to Washington with the propositions. Meanwhile the armies lie still as they are. *General Stoneman, who is reported at Greensboro, is to be permitted* to come through Johnston's lines to Raleigh.

JOHNSTON'S FORCE.

Johnston will probably surrender about thirty-five thousand men. He has a large proportion of artillery and cavalry in the command. In fact, it is said, that his army is better supplied with field guns and horses than any army the confederacy ever had. A great many of Johnston's rank and file are not willing to wait for the formal surrender, but cut loose and come in here or go home, as is most convenient. Hundreds of Lee's soldiers also are coming down to their old homes, with paroles in their pockets.

The Neuse river bridge, twenty-five miles below here on the railroad, will be rebuilt in a day or two, when communication will be perfect to Newbern and the North.

General Sherman's pet scheme is now to march this grand army overland to Harper's Ferry, Va., and disband it.

Mr. O. F. Howe's Despatches.

RALEIGH, N. C., April 21, 1865.

The country, doubtless, ere this will reach you, will have been apprised of the surrender of Johnston and all the forces under his command to General Sherman. This auspicious event transpired on the 18th instant, at three o'clock P. M. Major Hitchcock, of Sherman's staff, left for Washington the same evening, with despatches to the President, submitting the terms agreed upon for his consideration. In the meantime the belligerents will remain *in statu quo*. The national forces are mostly encamped in and about Raleigh, the advance (Kilpatrick's cavalry) being at Chapel Hill and Durham station, twenty-eight and twenty-four miles respectively from this city. The enemy is at Hillsboro, fourteen miles from Durham station, and at various points between that place and Greensboro.

It is understood that during the negotiations, Johnston was in communication with Breckinridge and Davis, and acted in accordance with their advice and instructions. No paroles were desired. The rebel troops are to be marched to their respective State capitals, and there disbanded, and allowed to return to their homes, after stacking their arms, which will be taken charge of by a United States officer appointed to receive them. The rebel troops, are, for the most part, rejoiced at the prospect of peace, and entirely satisfied and resigned to their fate. They consider that they have been fairly whipped, and that a further continuation of the contest would be not only useless but criminal.

As early as ten o'clock of the 15th inst. it became apparent that something looking to a surrender of the enemy to our forces was in progress. The troops already moving were ordered to go into camp and make themselves comfortable for the day—an order which was very gladly obeyed, as the weather was rainy and disagreeable and the roads quite heavy. It soon became known that General Johnston had sent in a flag of truce to inquire of General Sherman on what terms he would be allowed to surrender, and asking a cessation of hostilities till General Grant could be heard from. *General Sherman replied that he possessed full powers in the premises*, and that General Johnston would be allowed the same terms of surrender as were granted to Lee. A cessation of hostilities he would allow, provided no movement of troops should be made, not agreed upon by both. On account of some informality in the transmission of General Sherman's reply by General Kilpatrick the negotiations on Saturday were somewhat delayed. I understood that General Sherman's letter was, by some mistake, left out of General Kilpatrick's to Hampton, in which he speaks of it as "enclosed." The mistake was rectified, and General Johnston requested a personal interview with General Sherman. Captain McCoy, of General Sherman's staff, was accordingly despatched on Sunday to arrange with one of Johnston's staff officers a place and time of meeting. Bennett's house, four miles from Durham station, on the Hillsboro road, was selected as the place and twelve M. of the following day, the 17th, as the time. Accordingly, at the time and place agreed upon the conference was held. It lasted about one hour and a half and ended with an appointment for the following day, when final terms would be agreed upon. It is said that Johnston desired several days' time, that he might consult Breckinridge and Davis; but our chief would not consent. One more day must settle the matter, or he should order a forward movement. What transpired the next day I have already mentioned. The conference lasted some three hours. Each General was accompanied by most of his staff officers at both interviews. On the first day there was little cordiality, especially on the part of the rebel officers. They kept to themselves, for the most part, and seemed little inclined to exchange civilities. Our officers had provided themselves with cigars, wine and other creature comforts, which they freely offered to their rebel friends, but they were generally declined, and often with an air of hauteur almost insulting. The only really disagreeable circumstance, however, was a wordy and excited altercation between Generals Hampton and Kilpatrick. The former gentleman was evidently in very bad humor. The latter was inclined to take things pleasantly, until Hampton characterized his recent surprise of Kilpatrick's camp as a disgrace to him, General Kilpatrick. This roused our hero's ire, and he taunted Hampton by saying that he got out of his camp in a big hurry, so much so that he did not have time even to take the colors with him, much less the ammunition and guns. They became more and more excited as they talked of the advantages, each claimed that he had gained over the other at different times and places, till their respective superiors, it is said, were obliged to interfere. Kilpatrick unquestionably came out first best. The difference in the appearance and manner of the contracting parties was quite marked. General Sherman, with his coat unbuttoned, his hands in his pockets, and smoking his cigar, was quite cheerful and at his ease, having the air of one who felt himself indubitably "master of the situation." General Johnston, with his coat carefully buttoned up, his uniform new, and looking every inch the soldier, appeared quite haggard and careworn. It was unquestionably a very unpleasant duty he was performing, and weighed heavily upon him. The first day Johnston's staff scouted the idea of surrender, which, perhaps, somewhat accounts for their coldness of manner. But at the final interview they began to realize that it was even so, and were quite cordial. They mingled freely with our officers, and the cavalry escort showed their good feeling by racing and swapping horses. Throughout our entire army the untimely fate of our noble President has occasioned a profound gloom. A battle lost would not occasion a tithe of the sadness which now prevails. On this account there is but little feeling or enthusiasm manifested over Johnston's surrender. A great affliction overwhelms them, and turns rejoicing into mourning. To those who have not been in the army it is difficult to appreciate the strong regard and affection cherished by the soldiers for Abraham Lincoln. He was their idol. They loved him for his great qualities of head and heart. His unimpeachable honesty, his pure and disinterested patriotism, his remarkable consistency, his steady and unfaltering efforts to save the country, and, above all, his devotion to the welfare of the private soldier—these are the qualities which won the admiration of the army. For the miserable wretch who committed the bloody deed there are loud and bitter execrations. If the soldiers had him I think they would torture him to the last extremity of human endurance. The announcement of Mr. Lincoln's fall by General Sherman to Johnston was received sorrowfully. Among the rebel officers and men it was regarded as a most untoward act, especially to be regretted at this time.

RALEIGH, N. C., April 22, 1865.

THE ENTIRE REBEL ARMY SURRENDERED.

It is now generally understood that John C. Breckinridge was the "head and front" of the recent negotiations, and that he surrendered the entire rebel army.

General Terry's corps (the Tenth) was reviewed by General Sherman yesterday. It was a grand affair. The negro troops were the object of special attraction, particularly to the citizens, who had never seen such a sight. They marched in perfect step, and received much credit for their martial appearance.

The army will probably lie here a week or ten days, when it will be marched to Harper's Ferry, or some other point near Washington, where it will be paid off and disbanded, at least a part of it.

Reported Escape of Jeff. Davis Across the Mississippi.

NEW ORLEANS, April 18, via CAIRO, April 23, 1865.

It is reported that Jeff. Davis crossed the Mississippi river at Tinker's Bend, which was occupied by the Texas cavalry, on the night of the 16th, escaping the observation of the naval forces.

The Press Despatch.

WASHINGTON, April 22, 1865.

The Richmond *Whig* of yesterday says:—

For some days it has been reported here that the so-called Confederate government, consisting of Jeff. Davis and a handful of his office holders had reached Augusta, Ga., and made a show to establish itself there preparatory to flight to the Trans-Mississippi.

Sporting.

The Turf.

FASHION COURSE, L. I.—TROTTING.

SATURDAY, APRIL 22.—Purse and stake $350, p. p., mile heats, best three in five, in harness.

H. Woodruff named b. g. Ship Timber	1	1	1
T. Crogan named g. g.	2	2	2
R. Odo named ch. g. Gibo	3	3	3
Mr. Dorr named b. m. Grace	d	dr.	
D. Pfifer named g. g. James Watson	dr.		
A. Paterson named Holt's bay stallion	dr.		
John Lovett named b. m. Kentucky Maid	dr.		
James McMann named Dan Hart	dr.		
Mr. Browning named g. g. Honest Major	dr.		
D. Pfifer named br. m. Zenobia	dr.		

TIME.

	Quarter.	Half.	Mile.
First Heat	40½	1:18½	2:37½
Second heat	40½	1:18½	2:37½
Third heat	40½	1:17¼	2:39½

First Heat.—Of the above ten entries but four came to the post, Ship Timber being the favorite at ten to four against the field. Very little betting was indulged in, the foregone conclusion that the Hambletonian would take the pile keeping the pocketbooks of the spectators within their clothes so tightly that the above bet could not draw them forth. [illegible] Ship Timber passed the quarter pole in thirty-eight and a half seconds, the gray gelding second, Grace third and Gibo in the rear. [illegible] Time 2:37½.

Second Heat.—[illegible] Time 2:42¼.

Third Heat.—Ship Timber took the lead with the word, went one length ahead of the gray round the turn, passed the quarter pole two lengths ahead, and in forty and a quarter seconds, was four lengths clear ahead at the half mile pole in 1:17¼, and came home a winner about three lengths in 2:39½, Gibo rather a bad third, having broken badly during the heat.

WEDNESDAY, April 26.—Sweepstakes $2,000, mile heats, best three in five, in harness or to wagons.

W. McGoldrick named g. g. .... } received forfeit.
W. McGoldrick named g. g. .... }
Jacob Lang named b. g. Switchtail .... paid forfeit.

The above affair settled, Mr. Lang and Dr. Ogle made a match to trot their horses for $300, mile heats, Lang's b. g. Switchtail to go to a road wagon and the Doctor to drive his bl. g. Diamond to a skeleton wagon. A good race was the result, the black winning in a short rubber. Time........2:54—2:49.

The steamship Ashland, from this city, having on board a number of troops, went ashore on the 17th inst., at Oregon Inlet, on the North Carolina coast, and very little hope of saving her was entertained. The soldiers were all taken off safely and landed at Roanoke Island.

THE ASSASSINS.

One Hundred Thousand Dollars Reward for Them.

CAPTURE OF ATZEROT.

The President's Murder Organized in Canada and Approved at Richmond.

One of Seward's Assassins Believed to be a St. Albans Raider.

Important Letter from the Murderer.

HIS REASONS FOR THE ASSASSINATION.

&c., &c., &c.

Secretary Stanton to Major General Dix.

WAR DEPARTMENT, WASHINGTON, April 22, 1865.

Major General JOHN A. DIX, New York:—

The counties of Prince George, Charles and St. Marys have during the whole war been noted for hostility to the government and its protection to rebel blockade runners, rebel spies and every species of public enemy; the murderers of the President harbored there before the murder, and Booth fled in that direction. If he escapes it will be owing to rebel accomplices in that region.

The military commander of the department will surely take measures to bring these rebel sympathizers and accomplices in murder to a sense of their criminal conduct.

EDWIN M. STANTON, Secretary of War.

WAR DEPARTMENT, WASHINGTON, April 24, 1865.

Major General JOHN A. DIX, New York:—

This Department has information that the President's murder was organized in Canada and approved at Richmond.

One of the assassins, now in prison, who attempted to kill Mr. Seward, is believed to be one of the St. Albans raiders.

EDWIN M. STANTON, Secretary of War.

Capture of Atzerot, One of the Assassins.

BALTIMORE, April 20, 1865.

A despatch from General E. B. Tyler, dated Relay House, this evening, says:—

Sergeant Gemmill, of the First Delaware cavalry, Captain Townsend's company, of my command, has just brought in George A. Atzerot, one of the assassins. He has been identified by the detectives who have been pursuing him.

Government Reward for the Apprehension of the Assassins.

WAR DEPARTMENT, WASHINGTON, April 20, 1865.

Major General JOHN A. DIX, New York:—

The murderer of our late beloved President, Abraham Lincoln, is still at large. Fifty thousand dollars reward will be paid by this Department for his apprehension in addition to any reward offered by municipal authorities or State Executives.

Twenty-five thousand dollars reward will be paid for the apprehension of G. A. Atzerot, sometimes called "Port Tobacco," one of Booth's accomplices. Twenty-five thousand dollars reward will be paid for the apprehension of David C. Harold, another of Booth's accomplices. A liberal reward will be paid for any information that shall conduce to the arrest of either of the above named criminals or their accomplices. All persons harboring or secreting the said persons, or either of them, or aiding or assisting their concealment or escape, will be treated as accomplices in the murder of the President and the attempted assassination of the Secretary of State, and shall be subject to trial before a military commission and the punishment of death.

Let the stain of innocent blood be removed from the land by the arrest and punishment of the murderers.

All good citizens are exhorted to aid public justice on this occasion. Every man should consider his own conscience charged with this solemn duty, and rest neither night nor day until it be accomplished.

EDWIN M. STANTON, Secretary of War.

Reward Offered by Governor Curtin, of Pennsylvania.

PHILADELPHIA, April 20, 1865.

Governor Curtin has issued a proclamation offering a reward of ten thousand dollars for the arrest of Booth, who is reported to have been seen in this State, if arrested in Pennsylvania.

The Search after Booth in Pennsylvania Proves a Failure.

READING, Pa., April 21, 1865.

The Booth chase in this region is now positively known to be futile. The man who is said to have recognized the individual arrested as Booth, now denies having any knowledge of him. A man has been arrested at Tamaqua, but he is anybody but Booth.

Suspicious Persons Arrested at Fortress Monroe.

FORTRESS MONROE, April 19, 1865.

In connection with the terrible plot of the President's assassination, the arrests of several parties well known here, who have been accumulating wealth and have been the recipients of untold favors from the government, will probably lead to important developments.

Senator Sumner's House Guarded.

WASHINGTON, April 21, 1865.

A guard has been placed around the residence of Senator Sumner, evidence having been adduced to show that he was one of the parties intended to be assassinated.

Booth Supposed to be Injured.

WASHINGTON, April 22, 1865.

Circumstances which have come to the knowledge of the government render it nearly certain that Booth's horse fell with him on Friday night (14th inst.), and, it is believed, caused a fracture of one of his legs. It is also reported that he has directed himself of his mustache.

The likeness of Booth published in *Harper's Weekly* is said to be correct. The attention of surgeons and the public is called to these circumstances. If Booth is lying concealed and wounded, the rewards offered and the detestation of his crime by all loyal citizens will soon bring him to light.

Arrest of Junius Brutus Booth.

PHILADELPHIA, April 26, 1865.

Junius Brutus Booth was arrested in this city at eight o'clock this morning, and taken to Washington, where he is now confined in the Old Capitol prison.

It is understood that his arrest was caused on suspicion of his knowledge of the intention of his brother to assassinate President Lincoln, based upon his letter to Wilkes, published in yesterday morning's papers, regarding Richmond and oil.

The reporters of Forney's *Press* furnish the following, regarding the arrest of Junius Brutus Booth. He was arrested at the private residence of a friend in this city. The detectives had been on the qui vive for him for several days past. He was placed in a close carriage and driven to the Baltimore depot, and taken in the first train to Washington. The arrest, it is stated, was procured upon the evidence of certain documents in possession of the United States authorities, an extract of which was published on Monday. This extract alluded to the "oil business" as not likely to be profitable as Richmond had been captured, and Lee had surrendered. Those who are well acquainted with the chirography of the prisoner, believe it to have been written by him. "Alice," who also concurs in the recommendation to the assassin, to abandon the "oil business," is said to be a woman who is intimately acquainted with the assassin.

The *Ledger* reporters say the rumors that Junius Brutus Booth was arrested here on Tuesday is not a fact. It is ascertained from a relative of his that he visited the vicinity of New York, where his mother is represented as suffering from her son's misconduct. He was arrested at New York and taken to Washington.

Particulars of the Capture of Atzerot.

[From the Washington Chronicle, April 21.]

We are in possession of information which leaves no room to doubt that Atzerot, the accomplice of Booth, has been captured.

He was taken about seven o'clock yesterday morning at the residence of his uncle, near a village called Germantown, in the upper end of Montgomery county, Maryland, by a company of cavalry under the command of Captain Townsend, and brought to the Relay House which point was reached about seven o'clock last evening.

A cousin of Atzerot's was also taken into custody.

Atzerot is represented as cool and collected, reticent, and when questioned responded only with a laugh.

At the time of his arrest he was in bed.

Arrival of Atzerot and Cousin at Washington.

[From the Washington Chronicle, April 20.]

At twenty-five minutes past ten last night the train brought George Andrew Atzerot and Ernst Hartmann Richter, arrested about four o'clock yesterday morning, at Richter's farm, near Middleburg Post office, Montgomery county, Maryland. They were received at the depot by Colonel T. Ingraham and Captain William N. Wermerskirch, and taken to a safe place. Richter stated that Atzerot, who was his cousin, slept on the 14th instant at the Pennsylvania House, formerly the Kimmel House, in C street; that he left Washington on Saturday and went to Rockville, by stage, there hired a buggy, drove to Gettysburg, and then rode on a farmer's wagon to Klopperville, where he arrived late at night, and remained till next morning; thence he walked to Richter's farm. Atzerot is twenty-eight years old, five feet five inches in height, has a swarthy complexion, and dark hair, moustache and imperial. He seems to be shrewd, and was very reserved in his answers. Richter said that he had not seen him for about three months until he came to his farm on Sunday last.

Harold and Atzerot.

[From the Washington Star, April 22.]

David Harold is well known in the Sixth ward, he being the son of the late A. G. Harold, who for many years was the principal clerk in the naval store. We believe that he was educated here and at Charlotte Hall, St. Mary's county, Md., and until recently was a clerk in a drug store in the Sixth ward. He has been known as a sympathizer with the South; but no one suspected that he would go to any desperate lengths in her behalf.

He had been out of employment for some time past, but managed to keep a horse—a very fast pacing animal—at Pope's stables, on E street south, which he took out of the stable about sundown on Friday night last. As he mounted and rode out, he sung out to those in charge of the stable, "If" (any one asks for me, tell them I've gone to New York." He also took the same afternoon he told some of his acquaintances that he was going to St. Mary's county.

Within a month or two back he spent much of his time with Booth, and it seemed to his friends that he had suddenly become infatuated with Booth, and no longer than Tuesday last one of his acquaintances asked him how he had become so thick with Booth, to which he replied, "Oh, Booth is a good fellow."

It will be recollected that a man giving his name as Harld (doubtless Harold) hired a roan horse at Naylor's stable on the afternoon of the murder, and that afterwards a man named Atzerod (or Atzerot) left a horse at the stable, telling the order to have it ready at ten o'clock.

Harold is about twenty-two or twenty-three years of age, five feet five or six inches in height, dark complexioned, smooth, full face, dark brown hair, which is worn short, and dark blue eyes.

Supposed Attempt of Booth to Cross the Potomac.

[From the Washington Star, April 20.]

Passengers arrived at Washington on Thursday morning from Point Lookout report that on Wednesday night a person bearing the exact description of J. Wilkes Booth had made preparations to cross the river a short distance below that place, having engaged a colored man to ferry him across; but the boat being intercepted, he made a hasty return to the Maryland shore. The colored man was captured, however, and is now a prisoner at the Point. Our cavalry is on the track of the fugitive, who is still lurking in the vicinity, and his capture is considered certain.

Important Letter from J. Wilkes Booth.

HIS ORIGINAL PURPOSE WAS TO MAKE MR. LINCOLN A PRISONER—HIS REASONS FOR HIS ACTION.

[From the Philadelphia Press, April 19.]

We have just received the following letter, written by John Wilkes Booth, and placed by him in the hands of his brother-in-law, J. S. Clarke. It was written by him in November last, and left with J. S. Clarke in a sealed envelope, and addressed to himself, in his own handwriting. In the same envelope were some United States bonds and oil stocks. This letter was opened by Mr. Clarke for the first time on Monday last, and immediately handed by him to Marshal Millward, who has kindly placed it in our hands. Most unmistakably it proves that he must for many months have contemplated setting the person of the late President. It is, however, doubtful whether he imagined the black deed which has tinged the nation into the deepest gloom, and at the same time awakened it to a just and righteous indignation:—

—— ——, 1864.

MY DEAR SIR—You may use this as you think best. But as some may wish to know *when*, *who* and *why*, and as I know not how to direct, I give it (in the words of your master)

"*To whom it may concern*":—

Right or wrong, God judge me, not man. For be my motive good or bad, of one thing I am sure, the lasting condemnation of the North.

I love peace more than life. Have loved the Union beyond expression. For four years have I waited, hoped and prayed for the dark clouds to break, and for a restoration of our former sunshine. To wait longer would be a crime. All hope for peace is dead. My prayers have proved as idle as my hopes. God's will be done. I go to see and share the bitter end.

I have ever held the South were right. The very nomination of Abraham Lincoln, four years ago, spoke plainly war—war upon Southern rights and institutions. His election proved it. "Await an overt act." Yes; till you are bound and plundered. What folly! The South were wise. Who thinks of argument or patience when the finger of his enemy presses on the trigger? In a foreign war, I, too, could say, "Country, right or wrong." But in a struggle such as ours (where the brother tries to pierce the brother's heart), for God's sake choose the right. When a country like this spurns justice from her side she forfeits the allegiance of every honest freeman, and should leave him, untrammelled by any fealty soever, to act as his conscience may approve.

People of the North, to hate tyranny, to love liberty and justice, to strike at wrong and oppression, was the teaching of our fathers. The study of our early history will not let me forget it, and may it never.

This country was formed for the *white*, not for the black man. And, looking upon *African slavery* from the same standpoint held by the noble framers of our constitution, I, for one, have ever considered it one of the greatest blessings (both for themselves and us) that God ever bestowed upon a favored nation. Witness heretofore our wealth and power; witness their elevation and enlightenment above their race elsewhere. I have lived among it most of my life, and have seen less harsh treatment from master to man than I have beheld in the North from father to son. Yet, Heaven knows, *no one* would be willing to do more for the negro race than I, could I but see a way to *still better their condition*.

But Lincoln's policy is only preparing the way for their total annihilation. The South *are not*, *nor have they been*, *fighting* for the continuance of slavery. The first battle of Bull run did away with that idea. Their causes since for war have been as *noble* and *greater far* than those that urged our fathers on. Even should we allow they were wrong at the beginning of this contest, *cruelty and injustice* have made the wrong become the *right*, and they stand now (before the wonder and admiration of the world) as a noble band of patriotic heroes. Hereafter, reading of *their deeds*, Thermopylæ will be forgotten.

When I aided in the capture and execution of John Brown (who was a murderer on our western border, and who was fairly *tried* and *convicted*, before an impartial judge and jury, of treason, and who, by the way, has since been made a god), I was proud of my little share in the transaction, for I deemed it my duty, and that I was helping our common country to perform an act of justice. But what was a crime in poor John Brown is now considered (by themselves) as the greatest and only virtue of the whole republican party. Strange transmigration! *Vice* to become a *virtue* simply because *more* indulge in it!

I thought then, as now, that the abolitionists *were* the *only traitors* in the land, and that the entire party deserved the same fate as poor old Brown; not because they wish to abolish slavery, but on account of the means they have ever endeavored to use to effect that abolition. If Brown were living I doubt whether he *himself* would set slavery against the Union. Most, or many in the North do, and openly, curse the Union if the South are to return and retain a *single right* guaranteed to them by every tie which we once *revered as sacred*. The South can make no choice. It is either extermination or slavery for *themselves* (worse than death) to draw from. I know my choice.

I have also studied hard to discover upon what grounds the right of a State to secede has been denied, when our very name, United States, and the Declaration of Independence, *both* provide for secession. But there is no time for words. I write in haste. I know how foolish I shall be deemed for undertaking such a step as this, where, on the *one side*, I have many friends and everything to make me happy, where my profession *alone* has gained me an income of *more* than twenty thousand dollars a year, and where my great personal ambition in my profession has such a great field for labor. On the other hand, the South have never bestowed upon me one kind word; a place now where I have no friends, except beneath the sod; a place where I must either become a private soldier or a beggar. To give up all of the *former* for the *latter*, besides my mother and sisters whom I love so dearly (although they so widely differ with me in opinion), seems insane; but God is my judge. I love *justice* more than I do a country that disowns it; more than fame and wealth; more (Heaven pardon me if wrong) more than a happy home. I have never been upon a battle-field; but oh! my countrymen, could you all but see the *reality* or effects of this horrid war, as I have seen them (in *every State*, save Virginia), I know you would think like me, and would pray the Almighty to create in the Northern mind a sense of *right* and *justice* (even should it possess no seasoning of mercy), and that He would dry up this sea of blood between us, which is daily growing wider. Alas! poor country, is she to meet her threatened doom? Four years ago I would have given a thousand lives to see her remain (as I had always known her) powerful and unbroken. And even now I would hold my life as naught to see her what she was. Oh! my friends, if the fearful scenes of the past four years had never been enacted, or if what has been had been but a frightful dream, from which we could now awake, with what overflowing hearts could we bless our God and pray for His continued favor! How I have loved the *old flag* can never now be known. A few years since and the entire world could boast of *none* so pure and spotless. But I have of late been seeing and hearing of the *bloody deeds* of which she has been *made the emblem*, and would shudder to think how changed she had grown. Oh! how I have longed to see her break from the mist of blood and death that circles round her folds, spoiling her beauty and tarnishing her honor. But no, day by day has she been dragged deeper and deeper into cruelty and oppression, till now (in my eyes) her once bright red stripes look like *bloody gashes* on the face of heaven. I look now upon my early admiration of her glories as a dream. My love (as things stand to-day) is for the South alone. Nor do I deem it a dishonor in attempting to make for her a prisoner of this man, to whom she owes so much of misery. If success attend me I go penniless to her side. They say she has found that "last ditch" which the North have so long derided and been endeavoring to force her in, forgetting they are our brothers, and that it is impolitic to goad an enemy to madness. Should I reach her in safety, and find it true, I will proudly beg permission to triumph or die in that same "ditch" by her side.

A Confederate doing duty upon his own responsibility.

J. WILKES BOOTH.

THE CIRCUMSTANCES UNDER WHICH THE LETTER WAS RECEIVED BY MR. CLARKE

[From the Philadelphia Ledger, April 19.]

J. Wilkes Booth, the wretched assassin of President Lincoln, in January last left a letter, in a sealed envelope, directed to himself, at the house of Mr. J. S. Clarke, his brother-in-law in this city, with the statement that they contained oil stocks and bonds. They remained at the house unopened until after the crime of Friday night, when Mr. Clarke opened them and handed them over to the United States Marshal.

This letter is undated, but it could not have been written later than January, and was probably written in November. It shows that if John Wilkes Booth did not then contemplate killing the President, he had at least resolved to aid the rebellion in some striking and startling way. It is probable that he was then bound by an oath to obey some secret band of conspirators, and his object in addressing the letter to himself was to ensure secrecy till he had taken some step which would give the family reason for opening it. So strong were his sympathies for the rebel cause that he would undoubtedly have joined the rebel army at the beginning of the war, if it had not been for the firm opposition of his family, and the grief of his mother. His brothers, Edwin and Junius, considered his declarations that the rebellion was right, as merely the wild talk of a reckless young man. His opinions and feelings were so different from those of his family that a virtual separation became unavoidable, and he has visited neither his brother nor brother-in-law since January last.

Current News Items.

Thursday, in accordance with the proclamation of Governor Fenton recommending that it be devoted especially to religious services, in consideration of our recent national affliction, was generally observed throughout the State as a solemn holiday. In this city and Brooklyn the observance was almost universal, nearly all the stores being closed, scarcely any business being transacted, and the majority of the churches being open.

General Gordon, commanding at Norfolk, Va., has issued an order particularly directed to paroled rebel soldiers of Lee's army and secession residents, informing them that so long as they obey the laws and show a spirit of cheerful loyalty to the government and the national flag they shall receive full protection, but that any manifestations of disrespect to either will not be overlooked.

The case of the steamer Georgian, the alleged Lake Erie rebel pirate vessel, which excited considerable interest some months ago, is revived by an affidavit recently made before a magistrate of Toronto by Godfrey J. Hyams, a resident of that city, who alleges that William L. McDonald and George T. Denison, a member of the Toronto City Council, were engaged in fitting her up for piratical operations, and that they had secured a large supply of war munitions to be placed on board of her.

The dollar subscription movement for a monument in honor of our beloved late President is already being actively pushed forward. At a meeting of the employes of the HERALD newspaper composing room, held Saturday, appropriate resolutions were adopted and signed by eighty compositors, each of whom deposited his dollar for the fund at the time of writing his signature.

Governor Fenton had a narrow escape from being severely injured, perhaps killed, on Thursday evening last, while leaving this city on a Harlem Railroad train, by a stone which a boy dashed through the car window. The youthful culprit was arrested and given in charge of the police. On the day previous a lady received serious injuries on one of the trains of this road by a similar act of scoundrelism.

The results of the court martial which tried the alleged rebel conspirators charged with the heinous design of destroying Chicago by fire on the day of the Presidential election last fall, were made public by General Hooker on Sunday, so far as relates to five of them. Charles Walsh and R. T. Semmes were found guilty, and sentenced to hard labor in the penitentiary, the former for five years and the latter for three. Buckner, Morris and Vincent Marmaduke have been acquitted, and will be discharged on taking the oath of allegiance. The decisions in the cases of the two others accused—Greenfell and Daniels—have not yet been promulgated.

The steamship Ariel, from Aspinwall on the 17th of April, reached this port on Wednesday, with news from the United States of Colombia and Central America.

The news of the fall of Richmond, although expected, produced considerable excitement in Panama, and induced the belief that the war in North America was nearly ended. Panama was agitated by rumors of fresh outbreaks and revolutionary risings. The new government was in quiet working order, however. In Central America the republic of Nicaragua was waiting with great anxiety for the death of President Carrera, of Guatemala, which was hourly expected, as the event was likely to lead to trouble with regard to the succession. The extensive premises of Messrs. Fitzgerald & Bussey, of Chinandega, Nicaragua, were destroyed by fire on the 21st of March. The cotton trade of Nicaragua and San Salvador was increasing.

We have news from Havana to the 2d of April. President Lincoln's assassination had been announced in the city. The news produced a profound sensation of sorrow, even the Southern rebel residents expressing their regret at such an awful occurrence. News had been received in Havana that the Mexican leader Cortina had revolted against Maximilian and assaulted Matamoros. He was repulsed by General Mejia. It was said that Cortina's force was made up chiefly of Texans, and it was charged that his action against the empire was instigated to a great extent by army officers and civil officials of the United States. We have little news from St. Domingo by this arrival. About one hundred and seventy Spanish prisoners, officers and soldiers, had been exchanged on the 8th and 10th inst., all of whom were in a deplorable condition, ninety-six of them having to be sent to the hospital.

Immense throngs of people, half of whom were not able to get within hearing distance, gathered on Sunday in and around Plymouth church, Brooklyn, it being the occasion of the delivery of the Rev. Henry Ward Beecher's first sermon since his return from Charleston. Mr. Beecher's theme was the assassination of President Lincoln, and, as might have been expected, the spirit of leniency and indifference towards leading rebels which formed the characteristic of the last discourse he preached to his congregation before starting on his Fort Sumter mission was not by any means a prominent feature in his Sunday's remarks.

Important intelligence regarding Maximilian's Mexican empire is contained in our late Paris and Berlin despatches. It is said that Maximilian's Minister in London has resigned his position, declaring that no considerations sufficiently weighty to induce him to retain the position could be offered, as he is satisfied that the Mexican empire is collapsing, and that Maximilian will soon abdicate and return to Austria, he having been completely disappointed in his two most important expectations—the recognition of the United States and the support of the Pope and Mexican clergy. As confirmatory of this report that Maximilian contemplates soon abandoning Mexico forever, we have the positive announcement that he has ordered his representatives at the various European courts to give official notification that he retracts the renunciation of his family rights to the throne of Austria, which he made just previous to leaving Europe.

General Miramon, of Mexico, left Paris for Rome, April 11.

Agricultural.

The Garden.

There are large and dwarf varieties of nasturtiums, the latter are for ornament than for use. Sow in the latter part of May or early in June, in drills two and a half feet apart, cover an inch deep; thin to eight inches. The tall kind must have brush, poles, rough stone walls or something else to run on.

There are improved dwarf green and long green sorts of okra. Plant in the latter part of May, in drills three feet apart, and thin to one foot. The pods are used for...

[illegible]

The War in St. Domingo.

[illegible]

Markets.

NEW YORK CATTLE MARKET.

TUESDAY, April 25, 1865.

For the sale of beeves, milch cows, veal calves and sheep and lambs, Washington Drove Yard, corner of Fourth avenue and Forty-fourth street; Chamberlin's, Hudson river; Bull's Head, foot of Robinson street; Browning's, in Sixth street, near Third avenue, and McGraw & O'Brien's Central Bull's Head, Sixth street. For the sale of swine, Allerton's yard, foot of Fortieth street, North river.

The total receipts of cattle of all kinds for the week are...

[illegible]

...ment in prices, and a fair inquiry prevailed at the annexed quotations, the market closing rather firmer. We quote prime light lots, 11¼c. a 11½c.; medium grades, 10¾c. a 11¼c.; ordinary do., 10c. a 10½c., and still hogs, 10½c. a 11c.

NEW YORK HORSE MARKET.

SALE STABLES SITUATED IN TWENTY-FOURTH STREET, BETWEEN SECOND AND LEXINGTON AVENUES.

Business here has been greatly interfered with by the general interruption to business occasioned by the holidays—of which we have had three or four within a week—and the sales have therefore been light in the aggregate, but the business on the off days has been tolerably heavy. The weather has been such as to develop a good demand for carriage horses and roadsters, and...

[illegible]

THE DRY GOODS TRADE.

[illegible]

THE BOOT AND SHOE TRADE.

[illegible]

CITY COMMERCIAL REPORT.

[illegible]

$1 02 a $1 03 for Western and $1 12 for State. Barley was dull and nominally unchanged. Malt was dull but firm at $1 55. The corn market was a shade firmer with a limited supply. Sales 25,000 bushels, at $1 38 a $1 40 for old mixed Western, $1 38 a $1 42½ for new yellow, and $1 38 for new white Western. Oats were in fair supply and scarcely so firm at 81c. a 82c. for Canada, 85c. for Jersey, and 85c. a 86c. for Western.

CANDLES.—We notice sales of 500 boxes adamantine on private terms.

COFFEE.—The market continued very firm for all kinds, and a fair demand prevailed. The sales were 4,860 bags ex. Scanio at 16c., and 1,400 bags do. ex. Alarigo—a resale—at 14¾c., gold, cash, in bond.

COTTON.—The market was quiet, but rather firmer, in sympathy with gold. We notice small sales of Baltimore at 34c. and Detroit at 35½c. a 36c.

COTTON.—There was an increased spinning and speculative demand, and the market was decidedly firmer...

[illegible]

Financial.

WEDNESDAY, April 26—6 P. M.

Business has been actively resumed to-day, after the interruptions of the last fortnight, and a strong speculative feeling in favor of a rise manifests itself in Wall street. At the first session of the stock exchange the market was active and strong. Erie was 2½ higher than at the morning board on Saturday, New York Central 4½, a 5½, Hudson River 2½, Reading 5½, Michigan Central 4½, Michigan Southern 5½, Illinois Central 2½, Cleveland and Pittsburg 5½, Northwestern 4½, Cleveland and Toledo 2, Rock Island 3½, Fort Wayne 2½, Quicksilver...

[illegible]

Marriages and Deaths.

Married.

[illegible]

Died.

[illegible]

Varieties.

[illegible]

Advertisements.

[illegible]

MOBILE.

The Part Taken by the Navy.

Official Report of Rear Admiral Thatcher,

&c., &c., &c.

Secretary Stanton to General Dix.

WAR DEPARTMENT, WASHINGTON, April 22, 1865.

Major General JOHN A. DIX, New York:—

In a despatch dated Mobile, five o'clock P. M., April 14th, Major General Canby reports as follows:—

We find in Mobile and its defences on the west side of the bay over 150 guns and a very large amount of ammunition and supplies of all kinds, and about one thousand prisoners. Inventories are now being taken, and a detailed report will be forwarded as soon as they are completed. The quantity of cotton will probably reach three thousand bales, and there is a large amount of provisions and forage, &c.

Major General Hancock reports that nearly all of Mosby's command have surrendered, including nearly or quite all of the officers, except Mosby himself. Some of Mosby's own men are hunting for a reward of two thousand dollars, offered for him by General Hancock, who has been directed to establish his headquarters at Washington.

EDWIN M. STANTON, Secretary of War.

The Official Despatches.

ADMIRAL THATCHER'S DESPATCHES.

WEST GULF SQUADRON, UNITED STATES FLAGSHIP STOCKDALE, OFF MOBILE, April 12, 1865.

SIR—I have the honor to inform the department that on Monday, the 10th inst., subsequent to the capture of Fort Alexis and Spanish Fort, detailed in my despatch No. 53, dated April 9, the Octorara, Lieutenant Commander W. W. Low, and the iron-clads, were enabled, in consequence of the thorough dragging of the Blakely river, through the indefatigable and intelligent exertions of Commander Pierce Crosby, to move up the river nearly abreast of Spanish Fort, from which point Lieutenant Commander Low, with his rifled gun, shelled, with great precision, Forts Huger and Tracy, and with such effect that both these forts were evacuated on the evening of the 11th, and our forces took possession, capturing a few prisoners in the adjoining marsh.

These forts I shall hold until General Canby can garrison them with his troops.

This morning I moved, with the gunboats convoying, eight thousand men of General Granger's force to the west side of Mobile Bay, for the purpose of attacking Mobile.

On our arrival it was soon ascertained that the enemy had evacuated all their defences, and retreated with their gunboats up the Alabama river.

The gunboats will, in a few days, unquestionably be captured, unless destroyed by the rebels themselves.

General Granger and myself have just sent into Mobile a formal demand to the Mayor for its unconditional surrender, which will undoubtedly be accorded, as the city is now at our mercy.

The navy has already hoisted the Stars and Stripes over the walls of Fort Pinto and Spanish river battery. We also have entire possession of Choctaw Point battery and three heavy forts below it, within Catlow's Bend. I shall place a sufficient number of gunboats directly in front of the city to give efficient protection to the loyal inhabitants, of whom I learn there are a great number.

General Canby, with the forces under his immediate command, is at present in Blakely, though I have constant telegraphic communication with him.

I send this despatch by Lieutenant Commander J. H. Gillis, whose vessel, the Milwaukee, was, as the department has been already informed, destroyed by a torpedo. I subsequently gave him charge of the naval battery on shore, with which he rendered very effective service in shelling Fort Alexis and the Spanish Fort. I commend him to the attention of the department for zeal and gallantry.

I am also much indebted to Commander Crosby, who has been untiring in freeing Blakely river of torpedoes, having succeeded in removing over one hundred and fifty—a service demanding coolness, judgment and perseverance.

I have the honor to be, very respectfully, your obedient servant,

H. K. THATCHER, Acting Rear Admiral, Commanding West Gulf Squadron.

Hon. GIDEON WELLES, Secretary of the Navy, Washington.

WEST GULF BLOCKADING SQUADRON, FLAGSHIP STOCKDALE, OFF BLAKELY RIVER, MOBILE BAY, April 11, 1865.

SIR—I have the honor to forward herewith a copy of the report of Acting Assistant Surgeon R. W. Gifford, giving the names of the men killed and wounded on board the Osage by the explosion of a torpedo on the 29th ultimo. Very respectfully, your obedient servant,

H. K. THATCHER, Acting Rear Admiral, Commanding West Gulf Squadron.

Hon. GIDEON WELLES, Secretary of the Navy, Washington, D. C.

UNITED STATES STEAMER TALLAHATCHIE, OFF MOBILE, April 3, 1865.

SIR—I have the honor to report the casualties on board the United States steam Monitor Osage, sunk by the explosion of a torpedo off Mobile, March 29, 1865:—

Killed.—Louis Dowall, master-at-arms; Wm. Faigher, seaman; John Evarhart, ordinary seaman; Charles Taylor, ordinary seaman.

Wounded.—William G. Boysen, boatswain's mate, legs and head; John Jones, legs; Michael McGuire, seaman, head and foot; James Harris, ordinary seaman, head and body; W. G. Fisher, ordinary seaman, head; William Hartley, ordinary seaman, legs; Charles Corburn, landsman, head; Nicholas Haydenger, landsman, legs.

Very respectfully, R. W. GIFFORD, Acting Assistant Surgeon, United States Navy.

Lieutenant Commander WILLIAM M. GAMBLE, United States Navy.

Admiral Thatcher's Report of the Capitulation—Four Hundred Guns Taken, &c., &c.

WASHINGTON, April 26, 1865.

The Navy Department has received the following:—

WEST GULF BLOCKADING SQUADRON, UNITED STATES FLAGSHIP STOCKDALE, OFF MOBILE, April 15, 1865.

SIR—In my last despatch, of the 12th inst., I had the honor to inform the department that General Granger and myself had demanded the immediate and unconditional surrender of the city of Mobile, and that it would undoubtedly be accorded, as the city was at our mercy and we were in possession of the outside forts.

The officers detailed by General Granger and myself were met by the Mayor and other authorities near the entrance of the city, and a demand for its surrender was there made. The parties then repaired to the City Hall, where the Mayor addressed the following communication:—

MAYOR'S OFFICE, CITY OF MOBILE, April 12, 1865.

GENTLEMEN—I have the honor to acknowledge the receipt of your communication at the hands of Lieutenant Colonel R. G. Laughlin, of the staff of Major General Granger, commanding the Thirteenth army corps, and Lieutenant Commander L. R. Franklin, United States navy, of the staff of Admiral Thatcher, demanding the immediate and unconditional surrender of this city.

The city has been evacuated by the military authorities, and its municipal authority is now within my control. Your demand has been granted, and I trust, gentlemen, for the sake of humanity, that all the safeguards you can throw around our people will be secured to them.

Very respectfully, your obedient servant,

R. H. SLOUGH.

To Major General GORDON GRANGER, commanding Twenty-third army corps; Acting Rear Admiral H. K. THATCHER, commanding West Gulf Squadron.

The flag of the United States was then hoisted on the City Hall, and a portion of the troops immediately advanced to prevent pillage.

The Provost Guard being established, the works around the city—which are of immense extent and strength—were then garrisoned.

The Navy Yard has been seized in behalf of the navy; but most of its contents had been destroyed, except some lumber and a quantity of soft coal.

The Octorara and three river Monitors are now at anchor in front of the city and down the Tensas. The former and one of the iron-clads will be sent up the Tombigbee river, where the rebel iron-clad Nashville and gunboat Morgan have fled; but the Huntsville and Tuscaloosa—two powerful rams—were sunk in Spanish river before the evacuation.

Our naval forces are now busily engaged in blowing up and removing the obstructions in the main ship channel, which have proved to be very formidable and full of torpedoes, although we are removing them rapidly.

I regret to inform the Department that the tug Ida has been destroyed by a torpedo while engaged in this work, as well as a launch of the Cincinnati, and that the brig Althea was destroyed while dragging for torpedoes in Blakely river. Also that the gunboat Sciota was sunk yesterday, while under way, running across the bar, in twelve feet of water.

There is a prospect of raising this last vessel and repairing her damages.

The reports of the commanding officers of the vessels thus lost, together with the lists of killed and wounded, will be forwarded as soon as received.

So far as ascertained the number of guns captured by the army and navy will not fall short of four hundred, many of them new and of the heaviest calibre. The amount of ammunition and ordnance stores is also very large. Very respectfully, your obedient servant,

H. K. THATCHER, Acting Rear Admiral, Commanding West Gulf Squadron.

To Hon. GIDEON WELLES, Secretary of the Navy, Washington.

KIRBY SMITH.

His Troops Disbanded and Returning to Their Homes.

NEW ORLEANS, April 18, via CAIRO, April 23, 1865.

It is reported that General Kirby Smith is disbanding his army, and that his troops are returning to their homes.